A

TRANSLATION

OF THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

HORACE's Epiſtles,

TOGETHER WITH

Some of the moſt ſelect in the FIRST,

With NOTES.

A *Paſtoral Courtſhip*, from *Theocritus*.

One original Poem in *Engliſh*,

AND A

Latin ODE ſpoken before the Government on His Majeſty's Birth-Day, 1730.

By CHARLES CARTHY, *A. M.*

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MR. Charles Young.

To

To the Right Honourable

Thomas Lord Baron *Wyndham*, of *Finglaſs*,

Lord High Chancellor of *Ireland*.

WHILE you, my Lord, a Weight of Buſ'neſs bear,
Which claims your Wiſdom, Probity, and Care:
While you with generous Concern attend
The Widow's Pray'rs, the Orphan's Right defend:
While o'er *Hibernia*'s Peers, (who pleas'd behold
So bright a Name among their own enrol'd)
You with becoming Dignity preſide,
Their Reas'nings moderate, their Councils guide,
Pardon this bold Intruſion, nor refuſe,
Tho' ſmall, the Off'ring of a youthful Muſe;
And if in Concert with that juſt Applauſe
A Nation gives the Guardian of her Laws,
Her feeble, artleſs Voice ſhe ſtrives to raiſe,
Accept, Great Sir, the Tribute of her Lays,
Who, tho' unconſcious of *Apollo*'s Fires,
Attempts to ſing what Gratitude inſpires.

But is your Praiſe a Subject for my Song,
Your Praiſe, to which the nobleſt Strains belong?
Or, can the loweſt of *Ierne*'s Choir
To ſuch exalted Merit tune her Lyre?
Yet will I dare——I catch unuſual Flame,
When Virtue, ſuch as thine, becomes the Theme,
Who faithful to your high, and ſacred Truſt,
'As *Cato* firm, as *Ariſtides* juſt,
Th' Oppreſſor's Hand can check with god-like Zeal,
And blind to Int'reſt poize the even Scale,
By Prejudice unſway'd whoſe ſteady Soul
To Truth for ever points as to her Pole,
While Fraud, howe'er diſguis'd by Art, you trace,
And pull the Vizard from the Villain's Face.
Theſe are the Virtues of the nobleſt Kind,
Of the firſt Order in the human Mind,
By which the Chiefs of *Rome* and *Greece* excel'd,
And o'er their Foes, more than by Arms, prevail'd,
Which Mankind firſt from Woods to Cities drew,
By which ſmall Towns to States, and States to Empires grew.
If we behold you in a milder Light,
To awful Reverence ſucceeds Delight;
All that is graceful, and polite we find
To the ſublimeſt Pitch of Virtue join'd.
So that from publick Cares when you unbend
Your Thoughts, and to your private Self deſcend,

You're

DEDICATION.

You're ſtill admir'd, abſtracted from the State
Of *George*'s and *Aſtræa*'s Delegate.
O! be it to your other Glories plac'd,
(At once to ſhew your Goodneſs, and your Taſte)
That to the Muſe's Seat you turn'd your Eyes,
And bid *Ierne*'s drooping *Genius* riſe.
If Immortality my Verſe could give,
For this your honour'd Name ſhou'd ever live;
☞ Nor ſhou'd their Merits be untold to Fame,
Who gen'rouſly approv'd your noble Scheme,
To tune each rival Voice to *George*'s Praiſe,
And with uncommon Bounty crown our Lays.

I am, my Lord,

with the greateſt Reſpect,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged,

humble and obedient Servant,

Charles Carthy.

☞ The Perſons here meant are his Grace the Lord Primate, and Sir *Ralph Gore*, who, when Lords Juſtices, readily came into the Lord Chancellor's Propoſal to give (of their own private Bounty) a Premium of 100 *l.* for Exerciſes in the College on His Majeſty's Birth Day, 1730.

Q. HORATII FLACCI EPISTOLARUM LIBER SECUNDUS.

Epiſtola I. ad Auguſtum.

(a) CUM *tot ſuſtineas, & tanta negotia ſolus,*

Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes, in publica commoda peccem,

Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.

Romulus, & Liber Pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta Deorum in templa recepti,
(b) *Dum terras,*
hominumq; colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt,

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

EPISTLES of *HORACE.*

Epiſtle I. to *Auguſtus.*

Sermoni propiora.

WHILE you ſo various, and ſo great Affairs,
The Buſ'neſs of a World, alone ſuſtain:
While you with Arms protect, with Morals grace,
With wholeſome Laws reform the *Roman* State,
Shou'd I detain you by a long Diſcourſe,
I wou'd, O *Cæſar*, hurt the Publick-weal.

Rome's Founder, *Bacchus*, and the famous *Twins*,
After their mighty Actions deified,
While they taught Arts to cultivate the Earth,
Poliſh'd rude Men, deſtructive Wars compos'd,

Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt;
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis: diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaq; fatali portenta labore subegit,
Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari.
(c) *Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes*

Infra se positas; extinctus amabitur idem.

(d) *Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores,*
Jurandasq; tuum per nomen ponimus aras,

Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.

(e) *Sed tuus hic populus, sapiens & justus in uno,*
Te nostris Ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,
Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoq;
Æstimat; et nisi quæ terris semota, suisq;
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit & odit.
Sic fautor veterum, ut (f) *tabulas peccare vetantes*

Quas

Built Towns, and Lands to Colonies aſſign'd,
Complain'd their Merits met with ſmall Returns
Of Gratitude and Praiſe. Ev'n he, whoſe Arm
Impell'd by Fate the well-known Monſters ſlew,
Found Envy cou'd be only tam'd by Death.
For Virtue, to it's full Meridian rais'd
By the depreſſing of inferior Arts,
Hurts the weak Eye, and ſcorches while it ſhines;
Yet when it ſets, all bleſs the parting Ray,
And ſpread thoſe Laurels on the Hero's Tomb,
Which while he liv'd were to his Brows denied.
To you ev'n preſent we ripe Honours give,
Erecting Altars ſacred to your Name,
And grateful own your equal never roſe
In former Times, nor ſhall in Times to come.

But this your People juſt herein, and wiſe
In placing you before the nobleſt Chiefs
E'er ſeen in *Rome* or *Greece*, in other Things
Shew not ſo true a Taſte; as when they hate
And nauſeate all that's new, for being ſo.
Fond of Antiquity to ſuch Degree

Quas bis quinq; viri ſanxerunt, fœdera regum
Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
(g) *Ponificum libros, annoſa* (h) *volumina vatum*

Dictitet (i) *Albano Muſas in monte locutas.*
Si, quia Græcorum ſunt (k) *antiquiſſima quæq;*
Scripta vel optima, Romani penſantur eâdem
Scriptores trutinâ; non eſt quod multa loquamur,
Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri;
Venimus ad ſummum fortunæ: pingimus atq;
Pſallimus, & luctamur Achivis doctiùs unctis.

Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus.
Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos vetereſq; referri debet, an inter
Viles atq; novos?
excludat jurgia finis.
Eſt vetus atq; probus centum qui perficit annos.
Quid, qui deperiit minor uno menſe vel anno,

Inter quos referendus erit? vetereſne poetas,

An

That the *Decemvir*'s Laws, the Leagues our Kings
With the rough *Sabines*, and the *Gabians* made,
The *Sybil*'s Prophecies, and Pontiff's Books
Seem with divineſt Harmony inſpir'd,
And utter'd by the Nine on *Alba*'s Hill.
If, ſince the oldeſt Writings of the *Greeks*
Are much the beſt, the *Romans* muſt be weigh'd
In the ſame Ballance, we as well may ſay,
The Olive hath no Stone, the Nut no Shell,
That we excel in Arts, and paint, and ſing,
And wreſtle better than th' anointed *Greeks*.
Is this the Caſe? Then I would gladly know;
If Poetry, like Wine, by Age refines,
When are it's Days of full Maturity?
Suppoſe a Writer dead one hundred Years,
Is he among the perfect Antients plac'd,
Or in the deſpicable upſtart Claſs?
Here let us fix the Queſtion in Diſpute.
Well 'tis agreed a hundred Years may give
A Writer due Perfection, ſhould a Month,
Or Year be wanting to compleat the Time,
Where muſt he ſtand? among the antient Bards,

An quos & præſens, & poſtera reſpuet ætas?

Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur honeſtè,
Qui vel menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno.
Utor permiſſo, caudæq; pilos ut equinæ
Paulatim vello; & demo unum, demo etiam unum,
Dum cadat eluſus ratione ruentis acervi,
Qui redit ad faſtos,
& virtutem computat annis,
Miraturq; nihil niſi quod Libitina ſacravit.
(l) *Ennius & ſapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,*

(m) *Ut Critici dicunt, levitèr curare videtur*
Quo promiſſa cadant, & ſomnia Pythagorea.
(n) *Nævius in manibus non eſt*; (o) *at mentibus hæret*
Pœne recens;
adeò ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema.
Ambigitur quoties (p) *uter utro ſit prior*; *aufert*

(q) *Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti,*
Dicitur Afranî (r) *toga conveniſſe Menandro,*

Plautus

Or the vile Moderns, born to be deſpis'd
Both by the preſent and ſucceeding Age?
A Month or Year's a Trifle, he may claim
Antiquity with Juſtice. Then I take
What's granted, and as if a Horſe's Tail
Were pull'd by Hairs inſenſibly away,
So leſs'ning by degrees the given Sum,
I ſhew their Weakneſs, who by Annals judge,
Who meaſure Merit by the Length of Time,
And only what Death conſecrates admire.
Ennius, the firſt in Reputation held,
The Sage, the Warrier, and the Prince of Bards,
As Critics ſay, ſeems to take little Pains
His *Pythagoric* Viſions to fulfil.
Tho' *Nævius* is not extant, yet his Works
Confirm'd by Years are freſh in Memory,
So ſacred are all antient Poems thought.
Whenever two old Writers are compar'd,
Diſtinct Perfections are aſſign'd to each.
Pacuvius for his Learning is admir'd,
Accius for Loftineſs; in Comedy
Afranius equal to *Menander* ſeems,

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi,

Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.
Hos ediſcit, & hos arcto ſtipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens; habet hos, numeratq; poetas
Ad noſtrum tempus, (ſ) Livî ſcriptoris ab ævo.
Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.
Si veteres ita miratur laudatq; poetas.

Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet, errat.

Si quædam nimìs antiquè, ſi pleraq; durè
Dicere credit eos, ignavè multa fatetur;
Et ſapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.
Non equidem inſector, delendaq; carmina Livî
Eſſe reor, memini quæ plagoſum mihi quondam
Orbilium dictare:
Sed emendata videri
Pulchraq; & exactis minimùm diſtantia, miror;
Inter quæ verbum emicuit ſi forte decorum,
Si verſus paulò concinnior unus & alter;
Injuſtè totum ducit, venditq; poema.

Indignor

Plautus is never idle, on his Plot
Intent like *Epicharmus*, to *Cæcilius*
Solemnity's allow'd, to *Terence* Art.
Theſe are the Writings taught, theſe mighty *Rome*
Throngs to her Theatres to view; theſe are the Bards
Approv'd from *Livy* down to preſent Times.
The Crowd is ſometimes right, but often wrong;
If they implicitly admire and praiſe
The antient Works without the leaſt reſerve,
Thinking them matchleſs, they are ſurely wrong.
But if they candidly allow that ſome
Wear too antique a Dreſs, and many more
Are ſtiff and harſh, and careleſly compos'd,
They make for me, their Judgment *Jove* approves.
Not that I'd have old *Livy*'s Works deſtroy'd,
(As if I ſpitefully remember'd all
The Stripes they coſt me when a Boy at School)
But I'm ſurpriz'd they ſhould appear correct,
Ev'n beautiful, and regularly wrote;
Where if one graceful Word by chance ſhould riſe,
Or a few ſhining poliſh'd Lines break forth,
They ſhall ſet off, and recommend the whole.

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſsè
Compoſitum,
illepidéve putetur, ſed quià nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis,
ſed honorem & præmia poſci.
Rectè necnè (t) *crocum floreſq; perambulet Attæ*
Fabula ſi dubitem; clament periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pænè Patres:
ea cum reprehendere conor,
Quæ gravis (u) *Æſopus, quæ doctus Roſcius egit:*

Vel quia nil rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt,

Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ

Imberbes didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.
Iam (x) *ſaliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud*
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri:

Ingeniis non ille favet plauditq; ſepultis;
Noſtra ſed impugnat; nos noſtraq; lividus odit.
Quod ſi tam Græcis novitas inviſa fuiſſet

Quam

I'm ſplenetick, when I hear People blame
A Compoſition not for being dull,
Inſipid, or the like, but being new;
And, not content the Antients to excuſe,
Claim for their very faults Rewards and Praiſe.
Should I once doubt that *Atta*'s Comic Muſe,
Treads gracefully the Stage, o'erſpread with Flowers,
The Senate to a Man would cry me down
As paſt all ſhame for daring to diſpute
What *Æſop*'s Gravity, and *Roſciu*'s Skill
Have repreſented with ſuch vaſt Applauſe.
This muſt proceed from Strength of Prejudice
In favour of their own peculiar Taſte,
Or from a Shame their Judgment to ſubmit
To younger Men, and at their Years confeſs
Thoſe Works ſhould periſh, which they learn'd when Boys.
He that ſeems raviſh'd with the martial Song
Of *Numa* (tho' 'tis all a Myſtery
To him as well as me) ſhews not ſo much
His Zeal in favour of the Wits deceas'd,
As envious Pleaſure to detract from us.
But if the *Greeks* in former Days had been

Quam nobis,

quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet
Quod legeret tereretq; viritim publicus uſus.

(aa) *Ut primùm poſitis nugari Græcia bellis*
Cæpit, & in vitium fortunâ labier æquâ,

Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit equorum;
Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut æris amavit;

Suſpendit pictâ vultum mentemq; tabellâ;
Nunc tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragœdis:

Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,

Quod cupidè petiit maturè plena reliquit.
Quid placet aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?

Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventiq; ſecundi.

Romæ dulce diu fuit, & ſolenne recluſâ
Manè domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,

Cautos

From Novelty as much averſe, as we,
What Work of theirs cou'd now be old? or how
Should their Inſtructions to our Hands deſcend?

When *Greece* grew wanton, all her Wars compos'd,
Her Virtue loſt in Luxury and Eaſe,
She various Pleaſures hum'rouſly purſued;
Now ſhe's delighted with th' *Olympic* Games;
Now ſhe enamour'd views the Sculptor's Skill
In Braſs, in Ivory, or Stone expreſs'd;
On Painting now her Soul intenſely dwells;
With Rapture now ſhe hears th' inſtructive Voice
Of Tragedy, and Muſick's powerful Charms.
So in a Child, the Nurſe's darling Care,
With ev'ry preſent Object ſated ſoon,
New Toys ſucceſſively raiſe new Deſires.
How prone is Man to change? what can be found
That either pleaſes, or diſpleaſes long?
This ſtill proceeds from peaceful proſp'rous Times.

At *Rome* 'twas cuſtomary to admit
The early Client, and explain the Laws,

Cautos nominibus certis expendere nummos,
Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ
Creſcere res poſſit, minui damnoſa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, & calet uno
Scribendi ſtudio;
pueri, patreſq; ſeveri
Fronde comas vinƈti cœnant, & carmina diƈtant.
Ipſe ego, qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,
Invenior (bb) *Parthis mendacior, & priùs orto*
Sole vigil calamum, & chartas, & ſcrinia poſco.

Navem agere ignarus navis timet; abrotonum ægro
Non audet niſi qui didicit, dare; quod medicorum eſt
Promittunt medici; traƈtant fabrilia fabri:
Scribimus indoƈti doƈtiq; poemata paſſim.

Hic error tamen & levis hæc inſania quantas
Virtutes habeat ſic collige:
vatis avarus
Non temerè eſt animus; verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum;
Detrimenta, fugas ſervorum, incendia ridet;

Money on beſt Security to lend,
The Young to learn Inſtructions from the Old
How to grow rich, and check pernicious Luſts.
At length the fickle People chang'd their Minds,
And Poetry is now profeſs'd by all,
Both old and young with Wreaths of Laurel crown'd
At Supper, dictate Verſes to their Gueſts.
I muſt confeſs, when I the Muſe diſown
I lie like any *Parthian*, ſcarce I wake
But Desks, and Pen and Paper muſt be brought.

He, that's no Sailor, dreads to ſteer a Ship;
None but Phyſicians Phyſick dare preſcribe;
Craftsmen uſe Tools peculiar to their Art;
But Poetry's an univerſal Trade,
To which we all, skill'd or unskill'd, pretend.
And yet ſome Virtues from this Frenzy ſpring,
How great—you'll readily collect from hence:
The Bard to Avarice is ſeldom prone,
Verſes he loves, and ſtudies nought beſide;
He feels no Loſſes, tho' his Houſe be burn'd,
And Servants run away, he ſmiles compos'd;

Non fraudem ſocìo, puerovè incogitat ullam
Pupillo; vivit ſiliquis & pane ſecundo;
Militiæ quanquam piger & malus, utilis urbi,

Si das hoc parvis quoq; rebus magna juvari;

Os tenerum pueri balbumq; Poeta figurat;
Torquet ab obſcœnis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;

Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Aſperitatis & invidiæ corrector & iræ;
Rectè facta refert;
orientia tempora certis
Inſtruit exemplis;
inopem ſolatur & ægrum:
(cc) *Caſtis cum pueris ignara puella mariti*
Diſceret undè preces,
vatem ni Muſa dediſſet?
Poſcit opem chorus, & præſentia numina ſentit;
Cœleſtes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus,
Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit,

Im-

He neither wrongs his Pupil nor his Friend;
Will feed on Husks, and eat the browneſt Bread,
And tho' ill qualify'd to ſerve in War,
Hath Talents uſeful to the civil State,
If you'll allow that even the loweſt Arts
May to the Publick be of great Concern;
He to a graceful Elocution forms
Boys tender ſtammering Tongues; he ſhuts their Ears
Againſt Obſcenity; with friendly Care
Inſtilling Principles of Truth betimes,
Wrath, Envy, rude Behaviour he corrects;
He conſecrates to Fame the glorious Acts
Of all the mighty Dead, and makes their Lives
Shining Examples for the Times to come;
He ſooths our Cares in Sickneſs and in Want:
How ſhou'd chaſt Virgins mix'd with modeſt Youths
In choral Songs addreſs th' immortal Gods
Without the aid of ſacred Poeſie?
With its perſuaſive Numbers wing'd their Pray'rs
Aſcend, and charm down Bleſſings on the State,
The fruitful Rains deſcend, glad Harveſts riſe,

Impetrat & pacem & locupletem frugibus annum;
Carmine Di ſuperi placantur, carmine Manes.

(dd) *Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoq; beati*
Condita poſt frumenta levantes tempore feſto
Corpus & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum, & pueris & conjuge fidâ,

Tellurem porco, Sylvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;
Libertaſq; recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter; donec jam ſævus apertam
In rabiem verti cæpit jocus, & per koneſtas
Ire minax impunè domos: doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti; fuit intactis quoq; cura

Conditione ſuper communi: quin etiam (ee) *lex*
Pœnaq lata malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
Deſcribi: vertere modum formidine fuſtis
Ad bene dicendum, delectandumq; redacti.

Græcia

Ev'n Peace and Health are Gifts we owe the Muſe,
Whoſe Off'rings pleaſe the Pow'rs of Heav'n and Hell.

The antient Hinds, a vig'rous frugal Race,
Their Corn laid up, and Labours at an End,
With long-wiſh'd Feſtivals relax'd their Cares,
And with the faithful Partners of their Toil,
Their Wives and Children glad Oblations made:
Sylvanus Milk, the Earth a Hog receiv'd,
And the all-cheering *Genius* Wine and Flowers.
At theſe Solemnities the ruſtick Farce,
Full of rough clowniſh Raillery, began
In Verſe alternate; for a Time it took
As hum'rous and diverting; till at length
Nor Innocence nor Honour could defend
Beſt Families from it's licentious Rage.
All took th' Alarm, and many yet unhurt
Were with a generous Indignation fir'd
For Virtue's common Cauſe, until a Law
With ſtricteſt Puniſhment it's Fury curb'd,
And the vile Ribaldry with the Bounds
Of Manners, Senſe, and Decency reduc'd.

(ff) *Græcia capta ferum Victorem cepit, & artes*
Intulit agreſti Latio: ſic horridus ille

Defluxit numerus Saturnius, & grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere:

ſed in longum tamen ævum
Manſerunt, hodièq; manent veſtigia ruris.
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis,

Et poſt (gg) *Punica bella quietus quærere cæpit*
Quid (hh) *Sophocles & Theſpis, & Æſchylus utile ferrent.*

Tentavit quoq; rem ſi dignè vertere poſſet:

Et placuit ſibi, naturâ ſublimis & acer;

Nam ſpirat tragicum ſatis, & fæliciter audet;

(ii) *Sed turpem putat in ſcriptis; metuitq; lituram.*

Creditur

Greece when a Captive triumph'd in her turn,
And broke her Conqueror, tho' fierce and rude,
To love of Letters, Elegance, and Arts.
So the rough Numbers, us'd ſince *Saturn*'s Days,
The *Grecian* Delicacy melted down
Into a purer, and a ſmoother Stile;
Yet not ſo far refin'd, but ſome Alloy
Of the old *Barbariſm* ſtill remains.
For it was late before the *Romans* form'd
Their Manner by the noble *Grecian* Taſte,
Not until after the firſt *Punic* War,
When they began to ſearch the uſeful Stores,
Contain'd in *Theſpis*, and in *Æſchylus*,
And the great *Sophocles*'s lofty Page.
A generous Emulation ſpur'd them on
To copy after ſuch Orignals,
And by Tranſlation grace their native Tongue.
Happy in bold Attempts their Genius prov'd,
By Nature both ſublime and vehement,
And greatly form'd for the high Tragic Strain:
But to eraſe, or uſe the painful File
Is what a *Roman* Wit cou'd never bear.

(kk) *Creditur, ex medio quiâ res arceſſit, habere*
Sudoris minimum;
ſed habet Comœdia tantó
Plus oneris, quantó veniæ minus:
Aſpice Plautus
Quo pacto partes tutetur amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut inſidioſi:
Quantus ſit Doſſennus edacibus in paraſitis:
Quam non aſtricto percurrat pulpita ſocco.

Geſtit enim nummum in loculos demittere; poſt hoc
Securus cadat, an recto ſtet fabula talo.

(ll) *Quem tulit ad ſcenam ventoſo Gloria curru*
Exanimat lentus ſpectator;
ſedulus inflat.
Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit: valeat res ludicra, ſi me

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

(mm) *Sæpè etiam audacem fugat hoc terretq; Poetam,*
Quod

As Comedy takes all it's Characters
From common Life, 'tis thought a Work of eaſe;
Yet where the leſs Indulgence is allow'd,
The greater Pains and Judgment are requir'd.
See, with what inconſiſtence *Plautus* draws
The various Humours of his am'rous Youth,
The wily Pandar, and the thrifty Sire!
What ſlattern Negligence *Doſſennus* ſhews
In his looſe Stile, and how he tires our Ears
With the trite Jokes of hungry Paraſites!
But he for Money writ —— and (that ſecur'd)
Whether his Play were well or ill receiv'd
He valu'd not; but he, who writes for Praiſe,
And in Fame's airy Chariot mounts the Stage,
Expires at the Spectator's Indolence,
Or proudly ſwells at his intenſe Regard.
So ſlight a Thing affects vain-glorious Minds!
Farewel the Stage for me, if I muſt burſt
With Ecſtaſie, or ſink into deſpair,
Juſt as the Palm is granted or denied.

There is another Thing which quite diſtracts

Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti, ſtolidiq; & depugnare parati
Si diſcordet Eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut urſum, aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.
(nn) *Verum Equitis quoq; jam migravit ab aure voluptas*

Omnis ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas,
Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumq; catervæ:
Mox trahitur manibus Regum fortuna retortis,
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves:
(oo) *Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.*
Si foret in terris rideret (pp) *Democritus, ſeu*

(qq) *Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,*
Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora,
(rr) *Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipſis,*
Ut ſibi præbentem mimo ſpectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret aſello
Fabellam ſurdo:

nam

The boldeſt Bard, as when (his Play ſuppreſs'd)
The mightier in Number, but in Senſe,
Virtue, and Honour much th' inferior Part
In ſpite of Knights outrageouſly demand
A Bear-beat, or a Prize, their fav'rite Sports;
But theſe may be excus'd, when Knights themſelves
Give up the Pleaſures of the Ear, and fly
From Senſe, and Wit, to Pageantry, and Show.
For Hours the Scenes are clos'd, while a mad Rout
Of flying Squadrons croſs the Stage, and then
Kings bound in Chains move dolefully along,
With all the Spoils of War, Ships, Chariots, Arms,
And captive Cities with their captive Gods.
Were now *Democritus* alive, and ſaw
The elegant Diverſions here admir'd,
Whether the whiteneſs of an Elephant,
Or ſtrange mix'd Animals ſet Crowds agape,
The very People to his wond'ring Eyes
Wou'd ſeem more ludicrous than Mimes, or Shows:
He'd think deaf Aſſes ſitting at a Play,
And braying out their Joy wou'd be a Sight
Not more ridiculous, than we afford;

nam quæ pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra?
Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuſcum:
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, & artes,
Divitiæq; peregrinæ;
(ll) *quibus oblitus actor*
Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera lævæ:
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?

Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
(tt) *At ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem,*
Cum rectè tractant alii, laudare malignè;

Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire Poeta,
meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet

Ut magus,

et modó me (uu) *Thebis, modó ponit Athenis.*

Verum

For where's the Voice ſo ſtrong as to be heard
Amidſt the Noiſe our Theatres reſound?
Like the loud Bellowing of the *Tuſcan* Sea,
Or the *Garganian* Foreſt in a Storm,
Is that wild Uproar rais'd, when ſplendid Shows,
When foreign Arts and Riches are diſplay'd;
Wherewith if any Actor comes bedaub'd,
A general Clap receives him. What's the Cauſe?
Has he yet ſpoken? not a Word. What then?
Embroidery and Purple charm their Eyes.
But not to derogate due Praiſe from thoſe
Who have ſucceeded the dramatic Way,
(Becauſe that kind of Writing I decline)
I freely own, that Poet ſeems to ſhew
The greateſt Force of Genius and of Art,
Whoſe pow'rful Images can fill my Soul
With Terrors, not her own; can Pity raiſe,
Or Joy, and ſoft Complacency diffuſe;
Who by the wond'rous Magic of his Pen
With ſtrong Deception on my Fancy plays,
Now fixes me at *Athens*, now at *Thebes*.

(aaa) *Verum age & his, qui ſe lectori credere malunt*

Quam ſpectatoris faſtidia ferre ſuperbi,
Curam redde brevem,
ſi (bbb) *munus Apolline dignum*
Vis complere libris,
& vatibus addere calcar
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.
(ccc) *Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſæpe Poetæ*
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) cum tibi librum
Solicito damus, aut feſſo; cum lædimur, unum
Si quis amicorum eſt auſus reprehendere verſum;

Cum loca jam recitata revolvimus irrevocati;
Cum lamentamur non apparere labores
Noſtros, & tenui deducta poemata filo;
Cum ſperamus eó rem venturam, ut ſimul atq;
Carmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultró
Arceſſas, & egere vetes, & ſcribere cogas.
Sed tamen eſt operæ pretium cognoſcere, quales
(ddd) *Ædituos habeat belli ſpectata domiq;*
Virtus, indigno non committenda Poetæ.

Gratus

Yet to theſe likewiſe let your Care extend
In ſome degree, who rather than ſubmit
To the capricious Cenſures of a Crowd,
Prefer the Cloſet to the noiſy Stage;
If you wou'd furniſh with immortal Works
A Structure worthy of the God of Wit;
And with a gen'rous Ardor wou'd inſpire
Our Poets to aſcend the Muſe's Hill.
'Tis true (to look at home) we're often hurt
By our own Indiſcretion, when we break
Into your Hours of Bus'neſs, or Repoſe;
When we reſent the Freedom of a Friend
For cenſuring Things that we our ſelves admire;
When we unask'd turn back to fav'rite Lines,
Or grieve our fineſt touches are not ſeen;
When we expect to be enrich'd at once,
Courted by *Cæſar*, and compel'd to write,
The Inſtant we aſſume a Poet's Name.
But it requires a Taſte the moſt refin'd
To know what Bard, with hallow'd Flames inſpir'd,
Shou'd offer Praiſes at fair Virtue's Shrine,
By vulgar Spirits not to be profan'd.

Gratus Alexandro Regi magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui verſibus & malè natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemq; remittunt
Atramenta, ſerè ſcriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt. Idem Rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum, tam carum prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis ſe, præter (eee) *Apellem,*
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret æra
Fortis Alexandri vultum ſimulantia. Quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros, & ad hæc Muſarum dona vocares,
Bœotum in craſſo jurares aere natum.
(fff) *At neq; dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atq;*
Munera, quæ multâ dantis cum laude tulerunt
Dilecti tibi Virgilius, Variuſq; Poetæ.

Nec magis expreſſi vultus per ahenea ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores animiq; virorum
Clarorum apparent:

Nec

Great *Alexander* with his Friendſhip grac'd
One *Chœrilus*, and for moſt wretched Verſe,
Rewarded him with *Philip*'s royal Gold;
But the rude Draughts of ſuch unskilful Hands
Stain ſplendid Deeds, as Ink defiles the Touch.
And yet that very King, whoſe Bounty flow'd
Upon a worthleſs Poem, gave Command,
None, but *Apelles*, ſhould in Colours draw,
None, but *Lyſippus*, imitate in Braſs
The Conqueror's Face and bold majeſtick Mien.
So good his Taſte in Chiſſel-work, and Paint!
But ſhou'd you hear him judge the Muſe's Art,
You'd ſwear he was in dull *Bœotia* born.
But your two Fav'rites by the wiſeſt Choice,
Virgil, and *Varius*, immortal Bards!
Reflect a Glory on their Patron's Name,
Whoſe royal Gifts to ſuch exalted Worth
As much his Judgment, as his Bounty ſhew.
For brazen Statues can't with nobler Art
Set forth a Heroe's Perſon to the World,
Than can the Paintings of a Poets Pen
Expreſs his Manners, and his Soul diſplay.

nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum,
quam res componere geſtas,
Terrarumq; ſitus, & flumina dicere, & (ggg) arces
Montibus impoſitas,
& barbara regna, tuiſq ;
Auſpiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,
Clauſtraq ; cuſtodem pacis cohibentia (hhh) Janum,
(iii) Et formidatam Parthis te Principe Romam:
Si quantum cuperem poſſem quoq ; ſed neq ; parvum
Carmen majeſtas recipit tua, nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recuſent.
Sedulitas autem, ſtultè quem diligit, urget ;

Præcipuè cum ſe numeris commendat & arte:
Diſcit enim citius meminitq ; libentius illud
Quod quis deridet quam quod probat & veneratur.
Nil moror officium quod me gravat,
ac neq ; ficto
In pejus vultu proponi cereus uſquam,
Aut pravé factis decorari verſibus opto.
Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, &, unà

Cum

Had I a Genius form'd for great Deſigns,
I ſhou'd not rather chuſe this reptile Stile,
Than raiſe my Voice to ſing heroic Deeds,
Countries and Rivers to deſcribe, to tell
Of Caſtles, built on hoſtile Mountains, ſtorm'd,
Of proud *Barbarian* Kings in Triumph led,
Rome under you to *Parthia* dreadful grown,
And, every War brought to a glorious End,
An univerſal Peace reſtor'd to Man.
But *Cæſar*'s Majeſty wou'd ſuit but ill
With vulgar Lays, nor dare my humble Muſe
Attempt a Subject for her Strength too great.
A Fool's too fond Sedulity ſtill proves
Offenſive to the great Man he admires,
But chiefly when he ſhews his Zeal in Verſe;
For Men are apt more readily to learn
An Error ridicul'd, than Beauties prais'd.
I hate th' Officiouſneſs that gives me Pain,
And wou'd much rather be unkown, than ſeen
In publick, wretchedly expreſs'd in Wax,
Or in dull Panegyric be lampoon'd.
The fulſome Compliment wou'd make me bluſh,

Cum ſcriptore meo, capsâ porrectus apertâ,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

NOTES.

(*a*) THIS Epiſtle is juſtly looked upon, as one of the fineſt Pieces of Antiquity, both for Panegyric and Criticiſm. Nothing can be imagin'd more noble and ſolemn than the Introduction, nor more delicate than the Compliments therein paid to *Cæſar*; whom although he raiſes far above all the Heroes that went before him, yet, in all he ſays, we meet with nothing extravagant, but the whole ſupported by a ſuitable Decency, as well as Grandeur of Thought and Diction. It was written on Account of a kind Rebuke our Author received from *Auguſtus*, who, as *Suetonius* informs us, finding no mention made of himſelf in ſeveral of *Horace*'s Satyrs and Epiſtles, which he had ſeen, and with the Reading whereof he was charmed, gave him to underſtand, that he was not a little diſpleaſed with him, for not converſing chiefly with himſelf in that kind of Writing; concluding with this generous Expoſtulation, *whether he was afraid it would be a Diſgrace to him, that Poſterity ſhould know he was his familiar Friend.*

(*b*) *Romulus*, &c. As the *Romans* placed the Statue of *Auguſtus* amongſt thoſe of *Romulus*, and the other tutelar Deities here mentioned, and decreed him the ſame divine Honours, *Horace* takes occaſion to ſhew the Advantage *Auguſtus* had above them all in obtaining thoſe Honours during his Life-time, which they never could attain to till after their Deaths. We find them celebrated, (Ode 3. B. 3.) with *Auguſtus* as one of their Number,

Quos inter Auguſtus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore Nectar.

But what ſhews our Authors fine Addreſs in this Place is, that all the great Actions aſcribed to theſe Heroes are ſuch as admit of a direct Application to *Auguſtus* himſelf, for *Suetonius* tells us, he peopled *Italy* with no leſs than twenty eight Colonies, he likewiſe built *Nicopolis* near *Actium*, after the Defeat of *Anthony*, with many Towns in *Spain* and elſewhere. Of his reforming the People by wholeſome Laws, and the Example of his own Manners, there is mention made in the Beginning of this Epiſtle; and towards the latter End thereof, his compoſing of Wars and reſtoring Peace throughout the World are taken Notice of in the following Lines,

———————*tuiſq;*
Auſpiciis totum confecta duella per orbem
Clauſtraq; Cuſtodem pacis cohibentia Janum.

It is likewiſe worth while to obſerve in what our Author makes true Heroiſm to conſiſt, not in ravaging and diſpeopling Countries, not in ſacking and burning Towns, nor in ſubverting the Laws and Liberties of Mankind; but in the quite contrary to all theſe.

(*c*) *Urit enim*, We have the ſame beautiful Obſervation, Ode 14. B. 3.

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus, invidi.

(*d*) *Præſenti* does not here ſignifie what it uſually does, when attributed to a Deity, *viz.* propitious, or ready to aſſiſt; but alive, and preſent on Earth, thus, (Ode 5, B. 3.) *Præſens Divus habebitur Auguſtus.*

(*e*) *Sed tuus hic populus*, *Horace* enters here with a moſt happy and eaſy Tranſition from the Praiſes of *Auguſtus* to the main Buſineſs of his Epiſtle, which is to expoſe and ridicule the

And juſtly fear, that both my Bard and I
Shou'd to thoſe Shops be ſpeedily convey'd
Where Spices are wrapt up in ſenſeleſs Works.

the vicious Taſte of the People in prefering the antient *Roman* Writers to the Modern merely on Account of their Antiquity.

(*f*) *Tabulas peccare vetantes*, The Laws of the twelve Tables, collected by three *Roman* Delegates from the beſt Inſtitutions of *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, and other Law-givers of *Greece*. Upon their being brought to *Rome*, there were ten Magiſtrates (called *Decemviri*) choſen, and inveſted with Sovereign Authority, to digeſt theſe Laws into order, and propoſe them to the People; this happened about the Year of *Rome*, 300.

(*g*) *Pontificum libros*, Theſe Books contained the Rites and Ceremonies of the *Roman* Religion, as inſtituted by *Numa*.

(*h*) *Annoſa volumina Vatum*, The Credit of theſe old Prophecies chiefly ſubſiſted by their being very obſcure and equivocal, and conſequently capable of different Meanings, which were conveniently applied as occaſion required.

(*i*) *Albano in monte*, This is a fine Ridicule upon the People, as if their Fondneſs for theſe old Compoſitions, ſhould make them fancy, that no leſs than the whole Siſterhood of the Muſes muſt have quit their *Helicon* and *Parnaſſus*, to deliver them on Mount *Alba*, where *Numa* formerly pretended he had his Laws dictated to him by the Goddeſs *Egeria*.

(*k*) *Antiquiſſima ſcripta*, Such are the Works of *Homer*, *Heſiod*, *Pindar*, and their famous dramatic Writers, *Æſchylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*.

(*l*) *Ennius*, *Horace* to ſtrengthen his preceding Argument, and moderate the too great Eſteem the People had for the antient Writers, ſhews that the Reputation even of *Ennius*, the moſt admired of them all was not ſo unexceptionable as they imagined. He gives him three Epithets by way of Raillery for his boaſting to have been, by ſeveral Tranſmigrations, *Pythagoras*, *Euphorbus*, and *Homer*; he is therefore ſaid to have taken little Pains to perform his Promiſes and fulfil his *Pythagoric* Viſions, becauſe his Works did not anſwer the Character of a Perſon who pretended to be poſſeſſed of the Soul of *Homer*.

(*m*) *Ut Critici dicunt*, Theſe Words may be annexed either to the foregoing Line, and then *Critici* will be a Term of Ridicule, or rather to what follows, and then it will ſignifie either particularly thoſe Judges who were appointed by *Auguſtus*, to examine and approve of ſuch Books as were worthy to be placed in the *Palatine* Library, or in general all Perſons of true Taſte and Judgment.

(*n*) *Nævius in manibus non eſt*, After the Cenſure paſſed upon *Ennius*, he produces *Nævius*, as an Inſtance of the ſtrong Prejudice of the People in favour of the Antients. The Meaning of this Paſſage and of what follows down to, *Interdum vulgus &c.* I take to be this; "Though *Nævius*, has been ſo far neglected by the learned, as not to be "in Uſe, nor even at this Time extant, yet ſo ſacred and venerable is the old Poetry, "that the People preſerve him freſh in their Memories, learning him from one ano-"ther; nay ſo extremely tender are they of the Reputation of theſe favourite Writers, "that, *Ambigitur quoties &c.* as often as any two of them happen to be compared to-"gether, the Critique never turns upon the Faults of either, but their particular and "diſtinct Perfections, ſo as that the Character of the one may not be raiſed at the Ex-"pence of the other; thus ſhould *Pacuvius* and *Accius* be put in Compariſon, the former "is admired for his Learning, the other for Sublimity, and ſo on.

(*o*) *At mentibus hæret*, To clear the Difficulty of this Paſſage, M. *Dacier*, ſuppoſes an Advocate for the Antients to ſpeak here in Anſwer to what *Horace* advances in the preceding Sentence, and to continue his Defence for the nine Verſes following, till we come to, *Interdum vulgus &c.* where *Horace* reſumes his Diſcourſe. According to this Suppoſition, the Senſe will be as follows: When *Horace* objects, that *Nævius* was not read; the other

anſwers, that there was no occaſion for his being read, becauſe every Body had him by heart; then goes on, *Ambigitur quoties &c.* to ſhew that the ſeveral Merits of the following Poets were never diſputed, that their Works were conſtantly taught in the Schools, and repreſented in the Theatres with general Applauſe; upon which *Horace* replies, *Interdum vulgus &c.* allowing that the People were ſometimes juſt in the Praiſes they gave thoſe Writers, who were not without their Excellencies, but ſtill inſiſts that they were likewiſe wrong in carrying their Eſteem to ſuch a Pitch, as to think they were not liable to any Exception, and abſolutely to exclude the Moderns from the leaſt Competition with them in any reſpect. This Explication would appear very natural and conſiſtent, were it not for this one Objection, which I think lyes againſt it, *viz.* that if we are to ſuppoſe an Advocate introduced here for the Antients, we muſt allow he betrays his Cauſe very much, in giving up *Ennius* entirely, and not ſaying a Word in his Defence, although *Horace*, lays a particular Streſs upon what was urged againſt him as being univerſally eſteemed much preferable to *Nævius*, if not the beſt of all the antient *Roman* Poets.

(*p*) *Uter utro*, Theſe Words refer to the three following Pairs; *Pacuvius* and *Accius*, *Afranius* and *Plautus*, *Cæcilius* and *Terence*.

(*q*) Theſe were all dramatic Writers.

(*r*) *Toga conveniſſe Menandro*, There is a great Beauty in this Expreſſion, which cannot well be preſerved in a Tranſlation. *Toga* was that particular Dreſs the *Roman* Players made uſe of in acting Comedy, which for this reaſon was called *Togata*; thus *Quintilian*, ſpeaking of this very Writer, *In togatis excellit Afranius* &c. hence our Author, expreſſes the cloſe Reſemblance of Stile and Manner between *Afranius* and *Menander*, by the comic Dreſs of the former ſuiting the latter. *Menander* is famous for being the Founder of the new Comedy among the *Greeks*, ſo called to diſtinguiſh it from that of *Eupolis*, *Cratinus* and *Ariſtophanes*, which was juſtly blameable for it's Licentiouſneſs in attacking particular Perſons, not only notorious Villains, but even ſuch Men as *Socrates*, *Pericles*, &c. who were ridiculed to their Faces in theſe Performances. But *Menander* entirely altered this groſs Manner by introducing general Characters only upon the Stage, which as it was the leſs offenſive, was likewiſe the more effectual Way of expoſing the Vices and Follies obſervable in common Life, of which Comedy ought to be a juſt Repreſentation.

(*ſ*) *Livi ſcriptoris ab ævo*, The Perſon here meant is *Livius Andronicus*, the oldeſt dramatic Writer among the *Romans*, who began to flouriſh immediately after the firſt *Punic* War in the Year of *Rome* 514, but more of this hereafter.

(*t*) *Crocum floreſq;* The Antients upon particular ſolemn Occaſions uſed to ſcatter all ſorts of Flowers through their Theatres, and ſprinkle the Seats with Water perfumed with Saffran, Baum and other rich Preparations.

(*u*) *Gravis Æſopus, doctus Roſcius*, Theſe were two celebrated Actors at *Rome*, the former famous for Tragedy, the latter for Comedy, to whom *Cicero* gives this high Encomium, *that for his admirable Skill and graceſulneſs of Geſture he deſerved to be immortal.*

(*x*) *Saliare Numæ carmen*; A Hymn ſung by the Prieſts of *Mars*, an Order founded by *Numa*. This was a Piece the *Romans* had in great Veneration, although not a Man of them underſtood a Word of it; as it is common with People to imagine, that there muſt be ſomething more than ordinary in all myſtical and very abſtruſe Writings, eſpecially if they have Antiquity of their Side, as the Gloomineſs of an antient Grove renders it more ſolemn, and uſually ſtrikes us with a certain religious Awe.

(*aa*) *Ut primum*, *Horace* in the four preceding Lines puts this Queſtion; if Novelty, ſays he, had been as hateful formerly to the *Greeks*, as at preſent to the *Romans*, what Work of theirs could now be old? Or what ſhould we be able to do for want of thoſe Writings, which are now ſo uſeful and inſtructive to us? As much as to ſay, how could theſe Works have deſcended to us, if through a Hatred to Novelty they had been ſuppreſſed and ſtifled in their very Birth, for as much as all Things muſt have a Beginning, and one time or other be new? Upon which in this Place he proceeds to ſhew, that this very Principle, *viz.* the Love of Novelty (which is at all times natural to Man, but chiefly ſo in times of Peace and Proſperity) gave birth to all the liberal Arts in *Greece*, even to Poetry it ſelf; which as he farther obſerves, took it's Riſe likewiſe among the *Romans* from the ſame Inconſtancy. But *Horace* has yet a farther View, which anſwers directly to the main Scope of this Epiſtle, and it is to ſhew, that of all the liberal Arts which aroſe either in *Greece* or *Rome*, Poetry was the laſt; which never appeared in *Italy* in any kind of a regular Performance before the dramatic Works of *Livius Andronicus*. Now as all Arts are ſomewhat rude at firſt and require Time gradually to improve, it naturally follows that Perfection is leſs to be expected in thoſe

antient

antient Works that were written when Poetry was in it's Infancy, than in the Productions of a later Date when it had grown up to it's full Maturity, to which it was arrived in the Days of *Auguſtus*; when it was ſo univerſally encouraged and cultivated, that the Paſſion for it was carried even to an Exceſs.

But it may be here objected, that the oldeſt Writings among the *Greeks* are already ſuppoſed by *Horace* to be the beſt, which ſeems inconſiſtent with this Reaſoning. The Anſwer is not difficult; for although *Homer*, *Heſiod*, *Pindar*, &c. were in the Time of *Horace*, and perhaps long before, reckoned the oldeſt *Greek* Writers, and by far the beſt in Compariſon of that degenerate Race that followed in the Days of Slavery and Oppreſſion; yet is it certain, that Poetry long ſubſiſted in *Greece* before *Homer*'s Time, and muſt have been many Years growing up to that Perfection to which he raiſed it; nor is it any Wonder that thoſe firſt rude, and faint Draughts ſhould in Time diſappear, and give Place to the more finiſhed Works afterwards formed by that great Example which *Homer* ſhewed the World.

(*bb*) *Parthis Mendacior*, The *Parthians* were never more reſolved and prepared for Battle than when they ſeemed to decline it, it being their Cuſtom to feign a Flight, and afterwards turn ſuddenly upon the Enemy, when they were diſordered by the Purſuit, and leaſt expected a Charge; for this reaſon *Horace* ſays, he outlies the *Parthians*, when he pretends to diſown Poetry at the very Time he is moſt intent upon it.

(*cc*) *Caſtis cum Pueris*, He alludes in this Place to the *Carmen Seculare* that was ſung every Century, by a Choir of *Patrician* Youths and Virgins, in Honour of thoſe Gods who were looked upon as Guardians of the *Roman* Empire, eſpecially *Apollo* and *Diana*, they being the principal Regents of the Year, and its Seaſons; the Sun and Moon likewiſe being ſuppoſed by the Antients to have no ſmall Influence over human Affairs. There is moreover a particular Reaſon why *Apollo* was invoked and celebrated upon theſe ſolemn Occaſions, for it was by his Impulſe and Direction that *Æneas* purſued his Voyage to *Italy*, and conſequently became the Founder of the *Roman* State. Although *Horace* ſhews a great deal of Addreſs in all he ſays before this in favour of the poetical Profeſſion, yet his Art appears more particularly in this Place, where he ſhews the Uſefulneſs of Poetry to Religion; for he himſelf compoſed a ſecular Hymn, by the Command of *Auguſtus*, which we have at the End of his *Epodes*.

(*dd*) *Agricolæ priſci*, We have here the firſt rude Eſſays of Poetry, eſpecailly Dramatic, among the *Romans*, which, from little extemporary Pieces of Raillery wherewith the Country People diverted one another at their religious Aſſemblies, ſoon degenerated into the moſt groſs and obſcene kind of Ribaldry invented by the Inhabitants of *Feſcennia*, which growing to an intolerable Degree of Licentiouſneſs, ſo as not to ſpare the moſt honourable Families, was at length reſtrained by Law. We have the ſame Obſervation made on the old *Greek* Comedy in the Art of Poetry,

> ——*Sed in vitium Libertas excidit & vim*
> *Dignam lege regi*; *lex eſt accepta*, *choruſq*;
> *Turpiter obticuit*, *ſublato jure nocendi*;

This Reformation produced the antient Satire, which although free from that Groſſneſs and Obſcenity above-mentioned, was yet very far from being any way juſt and regular in it's Compoſition, or poliſhed in it's Stile; ſo that the *Roman* Poetry (if ſuch may be called Poetry at all) ſtill continued in a State of *Barbariſm*, until the Introduction of the *Grecian* Writings.

(*ee*) *Quinetiam lex*, *panaq*; *lata*, This was one of the Laws of the twelve Tables, which made it capital for any Perſon to write a ſcandalous Libel upon another.

(*ff*) *Græcia capta ferum Victorem cepit*, The Contraſt here between *capta* & *cepit* is very poetical.

(*gg*) *Punica bella*, Although this be the plural Number, yet the firſt *Punic* War only is meant, immediately after which the *Roman* Taſte began to refine. For then the *Greek* Authors were applied to and imitated, and ſeveral of their Works were tranſlated by *Andronicus*, and the ſucceeding Writers, *Nævius*, *Ennius*, *Pacuvius*, &c.

(*hh*) *Sophocles & Theſpis & Æſchylus*, To theſe three the *Greek* Tragedy owes it's Origin, Improvement, and Perfection. Of *Theſpis* and *Æſchylus* our Author ſpeaks thus in his Art of Poetry,

> *Ignotum Tragicæ genus inveniſſe Camenæ*
> *Dicitur*, *& plauſtris vexiſſe poemata Theſpis*,

Quæ canerent agerentq; peruncti fæcibus ora.
Post hunc persona pallæq; repertor honestæ
Æschylus & modicis instravit pulpita tignis;
Et docuit magnumq; loqui, nitiq; cothurno.

But it was *Sophocles* who put the last Hand to the Work, and finished it in all its Parts.

(*ii*) *Sed turpem putat*, We find the like Censure in the Art of Poetry,

Nec virtute foret, clarisve potentius armis
Quam linguâ Latium, si non offenderet unum
Quemq; Poetarum limæ labor & mora.

(*kk*) *Creditur ex medio*, After Tragedy, what comes next under his Consideration is Comedy, which People took to be an easy kind of Writing, as having only common Life to Copy. To regulate this wrong Notion, he observes, that as there is a greater Exactness than ordinary expected in this Work, it consequently requires the more Skill and Labour to maintain a Justness and Propriety in it's Characters, whereof the People are the better able to judge, in as much as they are taken from among themselves; but the Case is otherwise in Tragedy, where the Greatness of the Subject, the Vehemence of the Passions, and Pomp of Stile are often apt to divert the Mind from prying narrowly into several of it's Faults.

But farther to convince the People of their Error concerning Comedy, he produces Instances wherein *Plautus* and *Dossennus*, who were reckoned great Masters in their Way, betray'd a Weakness of Judgment, and came very far short of Perfection.

(*ll*) *Quem tulit*, After Reflections on dramatic Works, our Author takes an Opportunity to lay down the many Inconveniencies to which the Poets of his Time were exposed, who writ for the Stage, and which discouraged himself in particular from engaging in that Manner of Writing. The first he mentions are the Disquietudes those Poets must be supposed to labour under, who through a Fondness for popular Applause, make their Happiness or Misery absolutely to depend upon the Approbation or Dislike of their Audience.

(*mm*) *Sæpè etiam audacem*, The next Discouragement is abscribed to the strange Stupidity of the common People, who in the Middle of a Play would often, in spite of all Opposition from the better Sort, have Bears or Gladiators brought upon the Stage.

(*nn*) *Verum Equitis quoq;* Here the Men of Rank likewise are censured for a Depravity of Taste in prefering the Pageantry of mock Triumphs, to the more rational Entertainments of the Drama.

(*oo*) *Captivum portatur ebur*, M. *Dacier* by *Captivum ebur* understands the Representation of captive Cities cut in Ivory; if this was the Meaning, I cannot but think, *captiva Corinthus* would be a needless Repitition, as being already comprehended in the preceding Passage. I therefore chose to render *Captivum ebur* by captive Gods, whose Images were often made of Ivory, and usually shewn in Triumphs among other valuable Curiosities found in conquered Cities. In particular, we are told of *L. Memmius* who triumphed over *Corinth*, that having taken that City, he transfered to *Rome*, among other rich Spoils all its fine Pieces of Painting and Sculpture, of which we may reasonably suppose the Images of their Gods were no inconsiderable Part.

(*pp*) *Democritus* is very properly introduced here, as being a Person to whom the Vanities of Mankind afforded a perpetual Entertainment.

(*qq*) The Animal here meant is the *Camelo-pardalis*, a Creature, as *Varro* says, resembling a Camel in shape, and a Panther or Leopard in Colour. It was first shewn in *Rome* by *Julius Cæsar*. The other Animal *viz.* a white Elephant, was so very rare and valuable, that one of them, we are told, has been sufficient to occasion bloody Wars among the *Indians*.

(*rr*) *Spectaret populum*, This will appear an admirable Picture, if, while the People are supposed intent upon their Diversions, we imagine the Philosopher with his Eyes fixed upon them, and more engaged in contemplating their Follies, than the Pomp and Splendor of their Shows.

(*ss*) *Quibus oblitus Actor*, We are not to understand here an Actor in a regular dramatic Entertainment, but one of those Mimes, who were Performers in the mock Triumphs above mentioned, and other kinds of Shows.

(*tt*) *At nè fortè putes*, Least *Augustus* should think the preceding Inconveniencies were mentioned on Purpose to insult the dramatic Writers on Account of those Misfortunes to which

which they were expoſed; or that the Cenſure ſometime before paſſed upon the Tragic Poets, of their not enduring to correct their Writings, proceeded from Envy, our Author in the following Lines acknowledges that the Abilities of that Writer muſt be ſurprizingly great, and equal to the moſt difficult Performance, who can affect the Mind as he pleaſes, eſpecially by exciting Terror and Pity, which are the principal Objects of Tragedy.

(*uu*) *Et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis*, *Thebes* and *Athens* are particularly mentioned, becauſe the Scenes of moſt of the *Greek* Tragedies were laid in the one, or the other of theſe two Cities.

(*aaa*) *Verùm age*, *Auguſtus* being a great Admirer of dramatic Entertainments, eſpecially of the comic Kind, which he frequented much oftner than was conſiſtent with the Dignity of ſo great a Prince, *Horace* endeavours to draw him off in ſome Meaſure from his too great Attachment that way, by recommending to a Share in his Favour thoſe likewiſe, who made it their Choice to write for the Cloſet, rather than truſt their Reputation to the Humour of a proud capricious Audience; theſe were the Epic and Lyric Poets, who, as he inſinuates, were the likelieſt Perſons to fill *Apollo*'s Library, and conſequently deſerved a proper Encouragement to purſue their Studies with greater Application.

(*bbb*) *Munus Apolline dignum*, The new Library built by *Auguſtus* on the *Palatine* Hill and dedicated to *Apollo*.

(*ccc*) *Multa quidem*, Here he acknowledges that their own Indiſcretion and Vanity were often the Occaſion of their being neglected, which he deſigns not only as ſome Apology for *Cæſar*'s too great Adherence and Partiality to the other kind of Writings, but likewiſe as a ſeaſonable Lecture to the Poets themſelves.

(*ddd*) *Ædituos*, Theſe were the Prieſts who had the principal Charge of the Temples of the Gods, and were for this Reaſon the beſt inſtructed in all the Rites and Myſteries of the Deities, on whoſe Service they attended; our Author therefore by one Word not only deifies Virtue, but repreſents thoſe Poets, who were worthy to be employed in celebrating her Praiſes, as Perſons of a ſacred Character.

(*eee*) *Præter Apellem*, *Plutarch* obſerves, that of two *Alexanders*, the one, who was the Son of *Philip*, was invincible, the other, which was the Work of *Apelles*, inimitable.

(*fff*) *At neq; dedecorant*, Our Author, by the Praiſes which in ſo generous a Manner he in this Place gives to the two only Perſons, who could poſſibly rival him in the Favour of his Prince, ſhews that Envy is a Paſſion unknown to great Minds. In the Beginning of this Epiſtle, we ſee *Auguſtus* extolled above the greateſt Chiefs of Antiquity for all heroic Virtues: But here to finiſh the Character, we find a Compariſon drawn between him and *Alexander* the Great, in regard to a fine Taſte for Letters, much to the Advantage and Honour of *Cæſar*.

(*ggg*) *Arces montibus impoſitas*, I know that moſt Commentators (of whom M. *Dacier* is one) underſtand this Paſſage in a different Manner from that wherein I have taken it, by refering *Arces* to thoſe Redoubts and Garriſons which *Druſus* built in his March along the *Rhine*, the *Elbe*, the *Meuſe*, and the *Weſer*. But I choſe to be directed by *Horace* himſelf, who ſpeaking of the ſame *Druſus* in his fourteenth Ode, of the fourth Book, which he inſcribes to *Auguſtus*, has theſe Words,

——————— *Et Arces*
Alpibus impoſitas tremendis
Dejecit acer plus vice ſimplici.

(*hhh*) *Clauſtraq; cuſtodem pacis cohibentia Janum*; *Auguſtus* is complimented (Ode 15. B. 4.) on this Occaſion, as well as upon his Recovering from the *Parthians* the Enſigns which they had taken from *Craſſus* and *Anthony*, and hung up in their Temples;

————*Tua, Cæſar, ætas*
Fruges et agris rettulit uberes,
Et ſigna noſtro reſtituit Jovi,
Direpta Parthorum ſuperbis
Poſtibus; *& vacuum duellis*
Janum Quirini clauſit:

He is ſaid to have ſhut this Temple three Times during his Reign.

(*iii*) *Et formidatam Parthis, te Principe, Romam*; The *Parthians* having extended their Empire almoſt over all the Eaſt beyond the River *Euphrates*, and growing extremely haughty upon the entire Defeat of *Craſſus*, and the ſeveral Advantages they had gained over *Anthony*, began to look upon themſelves as able to diſpute the Sovereignty of the World with the *Romans*; the humbling of them, therefore, muſt have been a conſiderable Glory to *Auguſtus*.

Epiſtola II. ad Julium Florum.

(a) FLore, *bono claroq; fidelis amice* (b) *Neroni,*
Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis,
& tecum ſic agat; hic et
Candidus, & talos a vertice pulcher ad imos;
Fiet eritq; tuus nummorum (c) *millibus octo;*
Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles,
Litterulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
Cuilibet:
argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ:

Quin etiam canet (d) *indoctum, ſed dulce bibenti.*
Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi pleniùs æquo
Laudat venales qui vult extrudere merces:
Res urget me nulla, meo ſum pauper in ære:
Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi:
non temerè a me
Quivis ferret idem: (e) *ſemel hic ceſſavit; et, ut fit,*

In

Epiſtle II. To *Julius Florus.*

FLorus, the brave illuſtrious *Nero*'s Friend,
Suppoſe you were to buy ſome Countrey-lad,
His ſeveral Qualities declar'd, and Terms
Of Purchaſe by the Merchant thus laid down:
" You ſee he's beautiful, exactly made;
" His Price is but eight thouſand Seſterces;
" A Nod's enough, he'll execute with eaſe
" And Pleaſure your Commands; by Nature turn'd
" For every Art, beneath your forming Hand,
" He may be molded to what Shape you pleaſe,
" Ductile, and pliant as the the ſofteſt Wax;
" Beſides a ſmatt'ring in the *Greek*, by Ear
" He'll ſing a merry Catch to cheer your Wine.
" I know that Praiſes too profuſe give Room
" For ſhrewd Suſpicion of a Cheat; but I
" Am no way pinch'd, the little that I have
" Is all my own; no Dealer you cou'd meet
" Wou'd act ſo candidly; but you're a Friend—
" He once was dilatory, I confeſs,

In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ.

Des nummos, excepta nihil te ſi fuga lædat.

Ille ferat pretium pœnæ ſecurus, opinor;
Prudens emiſti vitioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex:
Inſequeris tamen hunc, & lite moraris inquâ.
(f) *Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi*

Talibus officiis propè mancum;
ne mea ſævus
Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas?
quereris ſuper hoc etiam quod
Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
(g) *Luculli miles collecta* (h) *viatica multis*
Ærumnis,
laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: poſt hoc vehemens lupus,
et ſibi et hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,

Præſidium

" And ſo abſconded to avoid the Laſh,
" A Thing that's nat'ral to expect from Boys.
" If you can overlook this only Fault,
" Pay down the mention'd Sum, and he is yours.
The Bargain, I ſuppoſe, will ſtand ſecure
Of Cenſure from the Law; you knew this Lad
Was faulty, yet you'll proſecute the Man.
I told you at departure I was ſlow,
The worſt of Correſpondents, and unfit
For thoſe kind Offices that Friendſhip claims:
Thus I remov'd all Grounds for juſt Complaint
If I ſhould fail to write as you requir'd;
But what does this avail, if you attack
Both Law and Equity, that make for me?
You likewiſe charge me with a Breach of Faith
About ſome Verſes you've expected long.
Lucullus had a Soldier, who with Toil
And Care made ſome Proviſion for a March,
Which in one Night, unmindful of his All,
Sleeping he loſt; rouz'd like a furious Wolf,
And with himſelf and with the Foe enrag'd,
His Courage and his Strength by Want improv'd,

(i) *Præſidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,*
Summè munito, & multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum (k) *donis ornatur honeſtis,*

(l) *Accipit & bis dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummûm.*
Forte ſub hoc tempus caſtellum evertere (m) *Prætor*
Neſcio quod cupiens,
hortari cœpit eundem
Verbis, quæ timido quoq; poſſent addere mentem:
I bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: I pede fauſto,

Grandia laturus meritorum præmia: quid ſtas?
Poſt hæc ille catus, quantumvis ruſticus, (n) *ibit,*

Ibit eò quò vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.

(o) *Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atq; doceri*
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuiſſet Achilles.

Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis (p) *Athenæ,*

Scilicet ut poſſem (q) *curvo dignoſcere rectum,*

Atq;

He ſtorms a royal Fort, to all but him
Impregnable, with Wealth immenſely ſtor'd.
For this, beſides his being crown'd with all
The military Gifts which Honour claims,
In Money he receives a great Reward.
In a few Days the Gen'ral had a Mind
A certain Citadel to take, then calls
On him ſo late diſtinguiſh'd, and in Words
Which might a Coward fire, exhorts him thus;
" Go on, brave Man, purſue your glorious Fate,
" Where Honour and your Virtue point the Way,
" Mighty Rewards await your glad Return.
The Fellow, though a Ruſtick, ſhakes his Head,
And ſhrewdly cryes, " He, who has loſt his Purſe,
" May ſtorm your Citadels——I'm now at Eaſe.

At *Rome* my Education firſt began;
There did I learn how fatal to the *Greeks*
The vengeful Anger of *Achilles* prov'd.
What little farther Knowledge I attain'd
With Gratitude to *Athens* I aſcribe;
She taught me to diſtinguiſh Right from Wrong,

Atq; inter ſilvas (r) *Academi quærere verum.*
(ſ) *Dura ſed amovere*
loco me tempora grato,
Civiliſq; rudem belli
tulit æſtus in arma,
(t) *Cæſaris Auguſti non reſponſura lacertis.*
Unde ſimul primum me dimiſere Philippi
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemq; paterni
Et laris & fundi; paupertas impulit audax
Ut verſus facerem;

ſed quod non deſit habentem
Quæ poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem quam ſcribere verſus?

(u) *Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes,*
Eripuere jocos, Venerem,
convivia, ludum,
Tendunt extorquere poemata: quid faciam vis?

(x) *Deniq; non omnes eadem mirantur amantq;*

Carmine

And ſeek for Truth in *Plato*'s learned Groves.
But civil Diſcord's wild impetuous Flood
Broke in upon my bleſs'd Tranquillity,
And, tho' to Books reſign'd, and rude in War,
Bore me along amidſt ill-fated Arms,
Unable to withſtand the matchleſs Force
Of mighty *Cæſar*; ſoon *Philippi*'s Day
Clipt my ambitious Wings, and laid me low,
Quite ſtript of my paternal Houſe and Lands.
'Twas then that I aſſum'd the Poets Trade,
By Want impel'd, that Spur to ev'ry Art.
But now, when Fortune has repair'd my Loſs,
Shou'd I not rather chuſe to ſleep than write,
What Medicine cou'd purge my frantick Brain?

Our Years impair the Vigour of our Minds,
Age long has ſnatch'd away my Jokes, my Loves,
The Gaieties of Life, the Joys of Wine,
And now for Poetry untunes my Soul.

Beſides what Writer can expect to pleaſe
Amidſt ſo great Variety of Taſtes?

(aa) *Carmine tu gaudes; hic delectatur Iambis;*

Ille (bb) *Bioneis ſermonibus & ſale nigro.*
Tres mihi convivæ prope diſſentire videntur
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis tu quod jubet alter,
Quod petis, id ſane eſt inviſum acidumq; duobus.

(cc) *Præter cætera me Romæ ne poemata cenſes*
Scribere poſſe inter tot curas totq; labores?
Hic ſponſum vocat,
hic auditum ſcripta, relictis
Omnibus Officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino: viſendus uterque:
Intervalla vides humanè commoda. (dd) *Verum*
Puræ ſunt plateæ,
nihil ut meditantibus obſtet.
Feſtinat calidus
mulis geruliſq; redemptor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Triſtia robuſtis
(ee) *luctantur funera plauſtris:*

Hac

You like the Lyric Song ; another loves
The keen Iambic ; and a third admires
The bitter Gall that flows from *Bion*'s Pen.
Scarce in one Company can three be found
Who reliſh the ſame Thing ; I'm at a Loſs
How to prepare ; what's delicate to you,
Nauſeous, inſipid to the reſt will ſeem.

Moreover can you think that *Rome*'s a Place
For writing, in the midſt of Noiſe and Cares ?
Now I am call'd in haſte to bail a Friend ;
Now by a Brother-Bard I'm importun'd
To hear his Verſes read ; both I muſt ſee,
All other Buſ'neſs dropt ; though the whole Town,
A tolerable Diſtance, lyes between.
But then the Streets are ſilent, always clear,
Where nothing can diſturb the ſtudious Mind.
True —— when an Undertaker now comes on
With Mules and Porters crowding at his Heels ;
Now Stones and Beams are rais'd by huge Machines ;
Now funeral Proceſſions Waggons meet
And ſtruggle for the Way ; now a fierce Dog

Hac rabioſa canis fugit, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.
I nunc, & tecum verſus meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes,
(ff) *Ritè cliens Bacchi,*
ſomno gaudentis & umbra.
Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atq; diurnos
Vis canere,
& contracta ſequi veſtigia vatum?

Ingenium ſibi quod vacuas deſumpſit Athenas
Et ſtudiis annos ſeptem dedit, inſenuitq;
Libris & curis,
ſtatuâ taciturnius exit,
Plerumq; & riſu populum quatit:
hic ego rerum

Fluctibus in mediis & tempeſtatibus urbis,
Verba lyræ motura ſonum connectere digner?

(gg) *Frater erat Romæ conſulti rhetor, ut alter*

Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus

Runs here acroſs, and there a filthy Sow.
Try now, and meditate harmonious Strains.
The tuneful Choir who claim the Patronage
Of *Bacchus*, love like him the cooling Shade,
Receſſes for Repoſe and ſolemn Groves.
Will then the ſacred Muſe inſpire my Song?
Can I with bold advent'rous Foot attempt
Pierian Heights, the Paths of hallowed Bards,
Where Frights and Uproars Night and Day abound?
At *Athens*, though from Noiſe and Tumult free,
Shou'd after ſeven long Years a Wit come forth,
With Cares and Study worn, then through the Streets
Solemn and ſilent as a Statue move,
He wou'd be ſtar'd and laugh'd at as he paſs'd.
What think you then, ſhou'd I walk here, intent
On meaſ'ring Syllables and weighing Sounds,
Where, like the Billows of a troubled Sea,
The reſtleſs Multitude is toſt about?

In *Rome* two Brothers liv'd, the one profeſs'd
Rhet'ric, the other practic'd at the Bar.
True to each other's Fame, they always made

(hh) *Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mucius ille.*
Quì minus argutos vexat furor iſte Poetas?
(ii) *Carmina compono,*
hic elegos,

mirabile viſu,
Cælatumq; novem Muſis opus.
Aſpice primum
Quanto cum faſtu
quanto molimine circum-
Spectemus (kk) *vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.*
Mox etiam ſi forte vacas, ſequere, & procul audi
Quid ferat & quare ſibi nectat uterq; coronam.
(ll) *Cædimur, & totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem,*
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.

Diſcedo (mm) *Alcæus puncto illius: ille meo quis?*
Quis niſi (nn) *Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus,*
Fit (oo) *Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine creſcit.*
Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,

Quum

Themſelves the Topic of a mutual Praiſe:
One ſpeaks like *Gracchus*, one like *Mucius* pleads.
A Vanity like this we Poets ſhew.
Here I write Lyrics, and another makes
The ſofter Strains of Elegy his Choice:
They're both, we gen'rouſly allow, compleat,
Both in their kinds prodigious Works, which ſhew
The Finger of a Muſe in ev'ry Line.
If to *Apollo*'s Temple we repair,
Obſerve, with what ſolemnity of Mien
And faſtuous Brow, full of our ſelves, we view
The Niches deſtitute of *Roman* Bards.
Then follow at a Diſtance and you'll hear
Why each of us aſſumes the Laurel-wreath:
Like *Samnite* Gladiators we engage
In a long Tryal of each other's Skill;
Though the Attack be fierce, our Works are Proof;
Each with an equal ſhare of Glory parts;
I'm call'd *Alcæus*; t'other marches off
Who but *Callimachus*? if that won't do,
The Title of *Mimnermus* ſwells his Pride.
I muſt keep fair with all the waſpiſh Tribe

Quum ſcribo, & ſupplex
populi ſuffragia capto.
Idem finitis ſtudiis & mente receptâ,

Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.
Ridentur
mala qui componunt carmina; verum
Gaudent ſcribentes; & ſe venerantur, & ultro,

Si taceas, laudant quicquid ſcripſere beati.

(pp) *At qui*
legitimum cupiet feciſſe poema,
Cum tabulis
animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit quæcunq; parùm ſplendoris habebunt,
Et ſine pondere erunt,
& honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco,
quamvis invita recedant
Et verſentur adhuc
intra penetralia Veſtæ.

Obſcurata

Of Poets, who provok'd are apt to ſting,
While I profeſs the Trade, and humbly court
A popular Applauſe; but ſhou'd I once
Come to my ſelf and lay theſe Studies by,
Their Fopperies and Impertinence no more
Shou'd through my paſſive Ears Admittance find.
But you, and I, and all Mankind may laugh
At a dull Piece; with conſcious Worth elate,
Scorning our vicious Taſte, the happy Bard
Will give himſelf that Praiſe the World denies.

Whereas the Man, who ſome great Work deſigns
Founded on Nature's juſt unerring Rules,
Severely honeſt to himſelf will act
As well the Critic's as the Writer's Part.
Whatever both by Brightneſs and by Weight
Appears not Sterling, or what will not prove
A real Grace to the moſt piercing Eye
He will indignant from it's Place remove;
Although the Violence ingrateful ſeems,
Although it pleads domeſtick Right, long grown
Familiar, and with Fondneſs often view'd.

(qq) *Obſcurata diu populo bonus eruet, atq;*
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum:
Quæ priſcis memorata Catonibus atq; Cethegis

Nunc ſitus informis premit & deſerta vetuſtas:

(rr) *Adſciſcet nova quæ genitor produxerit uſus;*
(ſſ) *Vehemens,*
& liquidus, puroq, ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumq; beabit divite linguâ:
(tt) *Luxuriantia compeſcet; nimis aſpera ſano*
Lævabit cultu; virtute carentia tollet:
(uu) *Ludentis ſpeciem dabit & torquebitur;*
ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunce agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.

(xx) *Prætulerim ſcriptor*
delirus inerſq; videri
Dum mea delectant mala me, vel deniq; fallant,
Quam ſapere
& ringi.

Fuit

His native Tongue he'll ſearch for hidden Stores,
And ev'ry Word of true intrinſick Worth
Which had it's Value in old *Cato*'s Days,
'Though now through Age defunct, and buried long
In Ruſt obſcene it lyes, by him reviv'd
It's former Splendor ſhall again receive:
Cuſtom ſhall be his Standard, when he Coins:
His Eloquence ſhall with a Torrent's Force,
Yet in a pure tranſlucid Stream convey'd
Pour all it's Wealth into the *Latian* Tongue:
Luxuriant Ornaments he will cut off,
Will raiſe what's low, and what is rough refine:
He'll labour hard to make his Works appear
As writ with perfect Eaſe, like him who acts
A Satyr or a Clown with ſo much Art,
That Nature ſeems each Motion to direct.

But how much happier is the Bard, you'll ſay,
(Let him be thought a mad Man or a Fool)
Whoſe very Faults have Charms to pleaſe himſelf,
Than him, whoſe Senſe too exquiſitely juſt
With Scruples of his own ſtill racks his Brain?

Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire Tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus ſeſſor plauſorq; Theatro;

Cætera qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More;
bonus ſane vicinus, amabilis hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem, poſſet qui ignoſcere ſervis,
Et ſigno læſo
non inſanire lagenæ:
Poſſet qui rupem & puteum vitare patentem.

Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſq; refectus
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemq; meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait, cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demtus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.

(aaa) *Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,*
Et tempeſtivum pueris concedere ludum;
Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis;

We're told at *Argos* once there liv'd a Man,
Who with a Frenzy ſeiz'd for many Days
Went to the Theatre alone, there ſat and clap'd
Imaginary Plays with vaſt Delight;
Yet all the other Offices of Life
By Reaſon's ſtricteſt Rule he well obſerv'd:
A ſocial Neighbour, and a gen'rous Friend,
Kind to his Wife, and to his Slaves humane;
A little Loſs in Wine, and ſuch like Frauds,
He cou'd with tolerable Patience bear;
Cou'd chuſe his Road, and from an open Well
Or rocky Precipice wou'd turn aſide.
At length through Skill and Tenderneſs of Friends
And Pow'r of Ellebore the Spell diſſolv'd,
" I'm loſt, he cries, by this miſtaken Love,
" Huſh'd are the Voices, fled the ſplendid Scenes,
" That with a fond Deluſion charm'd my Soul.

'Tis now full Time all Trifling to reſign
To frolick Youth, nor longer to employ
My Care on fitting Notes to *Latian* Strings,
But ſtudying to be wiſe; to meaſure well

Sed veræ numeroſq; modoſq; ediſcere vitæ.

Quocirca mecum loquor hæc, tacituſq; recordor ;
Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphæ,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura paraſti
Tanto plura cupis,
nulline faterier audes ?
Si vulnus tibi monſtratâ radice vel herbâ
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil curarier:
audieras cui
Rem Di donarent, illi decedere prævam
Stultitiam : et cum ſis nihilo ſapientior, ex quo
Plenior es,
tamen uteris
monitoribus iſdem?
At ſi divitiæ
prudentem reddere poſſent,
Si cupidum timidumq; minus te;
nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris te ſi quis avarior uno.

The juſt Proportions of an honeſt Life;
To give the Paſſions each it's proper Tone;
So learn tor aiſe an Harmony within.
Theſe Thoughts I therefore ſilently indulge;
If you've a Drought by drinking more enflam'd,
Phyſicians are call'd in; if Avarice
Encreaſes ſtill, the more you have acquir'd,
Muſt the Mind languiſh, and her Pain be hid?
If for a Wound a Root or Herb's preſcrib'd,
Whoſe Virtue proves unequal to the Cure,
You'll throw theſe by, and ſeek for other Aid:
You have been told that Cares and Follies flye
Before the great Divinity of Wealth;
But when you find, 'though all your Cheſts be full,
You're not the wiſer nor the happier Man,
Will you be ſtill impos'd on, ſtill believe
A Doctrine, by your own Experience falſe?
Whereas if Riches true Content produc'd,
If Wealth could purchaſe Prudence, or cou'd arm
The Soul with Fortitude, and check Deſire,
You wou'd have cauſe to bluſh, if one alive
Burn'd with a nobler Thirſt for Gold than You.

Si proprium eſt quod quis librâ mercatur & ære;
Quædam, ſi credas conſultis,
mancipat uſus,
Qui te paſcit ager, tuus eſt: & villicus Orbî,
Cum ſegetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum ſentit:
das nummos, accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe (bbb) *trecentis,*
Aut etiam ſupra, nummorum millibus emptum.
Quid refert
vivas numerato nuper an olim?
Emptor
Aricini quondam Veientis & arvi,

Emptum cænat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emptis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat abenum:
Sed vocat uſq; ſuum, qua populus adſita certis
Limitibus vicina refugit jurgia:
(ccc) *tanquam*
Sit proprium cuiquam,
puncto quod mobilis horæ,

Nunc

If what your Money buys be juſtly yours;
If, as the learned in the Laws aſſert,
Uſe oft confers a Property in Things,
The Field that feeds you is in fact your own;
And the great Landlord's Villager, who ſows
The Corn that makes your Bread, is Slave to you:
You pay your Money, you receive your Grapes,
Your Chickens, Eggs, and Wine, ſo by Degrees
Purchaſe the Lands, which coſt perhaps at firſt
Three hundred thouſand Seſterces or more:
Your Title is the ſame, whether you've paid
Long ſince, or now, by Parcels, or at once.
The Man who purchas'd into one Domain
The wide *Veientine* and *Arician* Fields,
' Though he perhaps may fancy otherwiſe,
Buys ev'ry Herb he daily eats, nay buys
The very Sticks by which his Kettle's boil'd;
Yet ſtill aſſerts the Lordſhip all his own,
Far as the Land-mark ſhews his Right confeſs'd:
As if there truly were a Right in Things
Uncertain, and in Motion ſtill, that now
Seem to be yours, and in a Moment paſs

Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc ſorte ſuprema
Permutet dominos, & cedat in altera jura.
(ddd) *Sic quia perpetuus nulli datur uſus,*
& hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam,
Quid vici proſunt, aut horrea?
quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani, ſi metit Orcus

Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro.
Gemmas, marmor, ebur,
(eee) *Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,*
Argentum, veſtes (fff) *Gætulo murice tinctas,*
Sunt qui non habeant, eſt qui non curet habere.

(ggg) *Cur alter fratrum*
ceſſare, & ludere, & ungī
Præferat
(hhh) *Herodis palmetis pinguibus, alter*
Dives & importunus
ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Sylveſtrem flammis & ferro mitiget agrum;

Scit

By Favour, Money, Violence, or Death
To other Lords, and various Titles wear.
If thus there's no Poſſeſſion fix'd on Earth,
And if as Wave comes after Wave, we ſee
That this Man's Heir another's Heir ſucceeds,
What can the burſting Granary avail,
The ſumptuous Villa, all *Calabria*'s Plains
Joyn'd to the fair *Lucanian* Lawns, when Death,
By Gold unmov'd, mows down without Reſerve
The poor, the rich, the humble, and the proud?
Jewels and Marble, Ivory and Plate,
The antique Statue, the expreſſive Paint,
The Robe rich-glowing with *Gætulia*'s Dye,
Some cannot, others care not to poſſeſs;
How then can Happineſs conſiſt in theſe?
Why of two Brothers one to Pleaſure prone,
Vacant, and gay, prefers the Luxury
Of Cities to the faireſt rural Seat,
Ev'n *Herod*'s fruitful Palms, and olive Groves;
While t'other rich yet ſtill Sollicitous
Early and late his daily Toil purſues,
Himſelf neglecting to improve his Land,

Scit (iii) *Genius, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum,*

Naturæ Deus humanæ,
mortalis in unum-
Quodq; caput, vultu mutabilis,
albus & ater.

(kkk) *Utar, & ex modico,*
quantum res poſcet, acervo
Tollam, nec metuam quid de me judicet hæres;

Quod non plura datis invenerit:
& tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum ſimplex hilariſq; nepoti
Diſcrepet,
& quantum diſcordet parcus avaro.

Diſtat enim ſpargas tua prodigus: an neq; ſumptum
Invitus facias, neq; plura parare labores:
Ac potius, puer ut feſtis (lll) *Quinquatribus olim,*
Exiguo gratoq;
fruaris tempore raptim.

Pauperies

Our *Genius* only knows, who rules the Star
Aſcendant at our Births, the ſocial God
Of human Nature, who with each Man born
Attends his Life, and, when he dies, expires;
Whoſe Viſage varies as our Fortunes change,
Or dark and low'ring, or in Smiles ſerene.

For me, I am reſolv'd what Life demands,
What is convenient, with a lib'ral Hand
I'll uſe, nor dread the Cenſures of my Heir,
That the Munificence of gen'rous Friends
By my own Induſtry was not improv'd;
Yet wou'd diſtinguiſh Profligates from thoſe
In whom both Cheerfulneſs and Prudence meet;
As wide a Difference I ſhou'd always make
Between the covetous, and ſaving Man.
He's only wiſe who ſtill obſerves a Mean,
Cautious, and yet not over-run with Cares,
Gay, though not wild, not prodigal, yet free:
Who Life enjoys, as Boys their Holidays,
And, while the ſhort the grateful Time's his own,
Snatches the fleeting Pleaſures as they paſs.

Pauperies

immunda domus procul abſit : ego, utrum
Nave ferar magnâ an parvâ,
ferar unus & idem.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo :
Non tamen adverſis ætatem ducimus Auſtris.
(mmm) *Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,*
Extremi primorum, extremis uſq; priores.

(nnn) *Non es avarus; abi. Quid? cætera jam ſimul iſto*
Cum vitio fugere?
caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine & irâ?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures,
portentaq; (ooo) Theſſala rides?
Natales grate numeras?
ignoſcis amicis?
Lenior & melior fis accedente ſenectâ?
Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis de pluribus una?

Vivere ſi recte neſcis, decede peritis.

Luſiſti

Though I deſire not Wealth, be Want remov'd,
And without Splendor let my Houſe be neat;
Yet, be the Veſſel great or ſmall wherein
I ſail through Life, I ſtill ſhall be the ſame:
My Canvas ſwells not with the faireſt Wind,
Yet I'm not toſt about by adverſe Storms:
In Strength, Wit, Perſon, Virtue, Birth, Eſtate,
Behind the firſt, before the laſt I come.

You are not covetous, 'tis well——but hold——
Are you from ev'ry other Vice as free?
Does not your Breaſt with vain Ambition ſwell?
Is Anger with the fear of Death ſubdu'd?
Can you now laugh at Dreams, and magic Pow'rs,
Nocturnal Spectres, and the Feats perform'd
In *Theſſaly* by wonder-working Dames?
Can you each Birth-day cheerfully ſalute?
Are you not peeviſh as your Years encreaſe,
Or grows your Temper mellower with Age?
How are you eas'd by plucking out one Thorn,
When many ſtill remain? if you're unskill'd
In living well, reſign your Place to thoſe

(PPP) *Luſiſti ſatis,*

ediſti ſatis, atq; bibiſti;

Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largius æquo

Rideat & pulſet

laſciva decentius ætas.

NOTES.

(*a*) JULIUS FLORUS to whom this Epiſtle, as well as the third of the firſt Book, is inſcribed, upon his Departure for *Pannonia* along with *Nero*, whom he likewiſe conſtantly attended in all his other Expeditions to *Armenia*, *Gaul*, *Dalmatia*, &c. made it his requeſt to *Horace*, that he would write to him, and in particular ſend him ſome Lyric Verſes. In both which our Author having failed, and being taxed with this Neglect in a Letter from *Florus*, he writes this Epiſtle, wherein he very pleaſantly excuſes this double Omiſſion by applying the Merchant's Caſe, and that of *Lucullus*'s Soldier to his own Circumſtances: And then proceeds to other Reaſons, which diſſuaded him from purſuing Poetry any longer; and concludes the whole with many excellent Precepts of Morality.

(*b*) *Neroni*, This was *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, who ſuceeded *Auguſtus* in the *Roman* Empire: Although in his old Age he was guilty of many Enormities, which have rendered his Character odious, and ranked him among the worſt of the *Roman* Tyrants, yet in his Youth, when this Epiſtle was written, he was looked upon to have many excellent Qualities, and had gained a conſiderable Reputation in War, for which he is celebrated, Ode 14. B. 3. This may ſufficiently juſtifie the two Epithets here given him; the former of which we are to obſerve does not ſignifie good, but brave and valiant, in which Senſe the *Greek* Word αγαθός is uſually taken.

(*c*) *Nummorum millibus octo*, A thouſand *Nummi* or *Seſtertii* were contained in the *Seſtertium* or great Seſterce, which was worth about 8 *l.* 1 *s.* 5 *d.* ½. *Engliſh*, according to this Computation eight thouſand Seſterces will amount exactly to 64 *l.* 11 *s.* 8 *d.* of our Money.

(*d*) *Canet indoctum, ſed dulce bibenti*, There are ſome Commentators, who think that by *Indoctum* is meant, ſomething new, that no Perſon had learned before; but the Oppoſition that follows ſhews that this cannot be the Meaning; becauſe the Novelty of a Song ſhould rather recommend it than otherwiſe.

(*e*) *Semel hic ceſſavit*, *Cicero* tells us in his Book of Offices, that in ſelling a Slave, unleſs the Maſter declared all his Faults, the Slave was to be returned upon his Hands by the civil Law; that ſuch a Declaration was cuſtomary, we likewiſe find by what our Author ſays (Sat. 3. B. 2.)

——————*Sanus utriſq;*
Auribus atq; oculis; mentem niſi litigioſus
Exciperet dominus, cum venderet.

Now the Slave who is here to be ſold had once run away from his Maſter; to ſcreen himſelf therefore from any future Proſecution, the Merchant owns the Fault his Slave was guily of, but with the moſt extenuating Circumſtances; as that he was once a little dilatory, and, as 'tis uſual with Boys, hid himſelf for fear of being chaſtiſed: His Manner likewiſe of introducing this Confeſſion, by letting his Chapman know that he lay under

Of truer Taſte; you've wanton'd long enough,
Indulg'd enough on Life's luxurious Feaſt:
Riſe then in Time, e'er you become a Sot,
Laugh'd at, and ſpurn'd by all the ſprightly Youth,
Who with a better Grace thoſe Joys purſue.

under no Neceſſity of making uſe of little Shifts to put off his Goods, and that he propoſed dealing with him as a particular Friend, is a very natural Repreſentation of the Cant of ſuch People.

(*f*) *Dixi me pigrum*; *Horace* here applies the preceding Caſe to himſelf.

(*g*) *Luculli miles*. *Lucullus* is famous not only for his great Succeſſes againſt *Mithridates* and *Tigranes* Kings of *Pontus* and *Armenia*, but likewiſe for his immenſe Riches, whereof we have an Inſtance, Ep. 6. B. 1. ——*Chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt, &c.*

(*h*) *Viatica*, This uſually ſignifies Money for a Journey, but may be alſo taken for any other kind of Proviſion for the ſame Purpoſe.

(*i*) *Præſidium regale loco dejecit*, The Place here meant is probably *Niſibis* a Town in *Meſopotamia*, where *Tigranes*, on account of its great Strength, kept his Treaſure.

(*k*) *Donis ornatur honeſtis*, Theſe honorary Gifts conſiſted chiefly in Trappings for Horſes, Bracelets and Crowns.

(*l*) *Accipit & his dona*, This Sum anſwers to about 168 *l.* 4 *s.* 2 *d.* of our Money.

(*m*) *Prætor Lucullus*

(*n*) *Ibit, ibit eò quo vis qui zonam perdidit*, It was a uſual Saying of the Emperor *Severus*, that a Soldier never was a Coward but when he was well cloathed, armed, and booted, with his Belly full, and ſomething in his Purſe.

(*o*) *Romæ nutriri*, Here our Author, to ſhew the near Reſemblance between the Soldier's Caſe and his own, gives an Account in a very ſhort and agreeable Manner, how he came to be reduced to that Want and Neceſſity, which firſt put him upon ſo hazardous an Undertaking as Poetry, and then affirms it would be downright Madneſs in him to purſue it any longer when the Cauſe was removed, and conſequently when he might indulge himſelf in Eaſe and Quietneſs.

By learning how fatal the Anger of *Achilles* proved to the *Greeks*, he means that at *Rome* he entered upon the Study of the *Claſſics*, which uſually began with *Homer's Iliad*; for as much as *Latin* being the native Language was ſuppoſed to be tolerably well underſtood by Boys before they came to a Grammar School.

(*p*) *Athenæ*, Although in the Days of *Horace Athens* was greatly fallen from its antient Grandeur and Reputation for Learning, yet it ſtill continued the principal Seat of the Muſes, and the chief Univerſity to which the *Roman* Youth were ſent to ſtudy Philoſophy.

(*q*) *Curvo dignoſcere rectum*; M. *Dacier* applies the Terms *curvo* and *rectum* to Lines, as if *Horace* meant thereby his learning the firſt Rudiments of Geometry; *Lambin* and others take them in a moral Senſe. The Words will very well admit of either Explanation, but the latter ſeems preferable, as it agrees better with what follows; and as it was likewiſe very probable that the Youth were initiated in the Principles of Geometry before they went to *Athens*, where they were to be inſtructed in Morality and theſe Sciences to which Geometry was previous. This at leaſt we are aſſured of, that *Plato* in particular expected ſo much from all Perſons whom he admitted to the Study of Philoſophy in his School.

(*r*) *Atq; inter ſilvas Academi quærere verum*, As it was in theſe Groves that *Plato* firſt taught Philoſophy, I made no ſcruple of calling them by his Name, being much better known

than that of *Academus* who was the Perſon that either planted or conſecrated them. We are to obſerve in this Place that our Author by *quærere verum* hints at the Doctrine of the *Academics*, who conſtantly denied to have ever found any Certainty in Things, and therefore profeſſed themſelves only Seekers after Truth.

(*ſ*) *Dura ſed amovere*, When the civil Wars broke out upon the Death of *Julius Cæſar*, *Brutus* paſſing through *Athens* in his Way to *Macedonia* brought off ſeveral young Gentlemen along with him, who were at that Time following their Studies; of theſe our Author was one, whom *Brutus* made a Tribune in his Army, an Officer pretty much of a Rank with our Colonel.

(*t*) *Cæſaris Auguſti*, *Horace* ſhews great Addreſs in this Place, where after repreſenting with what an ungrateful Violence he was torn from his Studies to take part with the Enemies of *Auguſtus*, he gives the whole a fine Turn by an elegant Compliment to that Prince. Of the Defeat of his Party at *Philippi*, and his own particular Behaviour on that Occaſion he gives a candid Account, Ode 7. B. 2.

Tecum Philippos, & celerem fugam
Senſi relicta non bene parmulâ:
Cum fracta virtus, & minaces
Turpe ſolum tetigere mento.

(*u*) *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, Our Author having given his principal Reaſon for purſuing Poetry no longer, *viz.* his being above Want, which firſt ſet him upon it, proceeds now to other Cauſes which induced him to decline the Profeſſion. The firſt is his Age, whereby he was deprived of that Gaiety and Cheerfulneſs which attended his youthful Days.

(*x*) *Deniq; non omnes eadem mirantur*, The next Cauſe he lays down is the Impoſſibility of pleaſing all ſorts of People, on account of the different Taſtes of Men.

(*aa*) *Carmine tu gaudes*, *Lambin* is of Opinion that Epic Poetry is here meant, but he is certainly wrong, for as *Florus* has ſhewn how his Taſte lay by the Requeſt he made to *Horace*, ſo the Senſe wherein *Carmina* is uſed a little after this, where it undoubtedly ſignifies Lyric Verſe, is ſufficient to determine it's Meaning in this Place.

(*bb*) *Bioneis ſermonibus*, *Bion* was both a Philoſopher and Poet, he is remarkable for the extreme Severity and Bitterneſs of his Satires, wherein he ſpared neither Men nor Gods.

(*cc*) *Præter cætera me Romæ*, His next Cauſe is the difficulty of ſtudying amidſt the Hurry and Noiſe of *Rome* where he then lived.

(*dd*) *Verum puræ ſunt plateæ*, This Objection he either propoſes ironically from himſelf, or as what might be made by *Florus* or any other Perſon. The following Deſcription of the many Obſtacles and Inconveniencies to be met with in walking the Streets of *Rome* is enlarged upon by *Juvenal* in his third Satire.

(*ee*) *Luctantur funera plauſtris*, Thus Sat. 6. B. 1.

——————————At hic ſi plauſtra ducenta
Concurrantq; foro tria funera, magna ſonabit, &c,

The following Paſſage, *Hac rabioſa*, *&c.* is almoſt tranſcribed by *Auſonius* in one of his Letters where he likewiſe mentions theſe Waggons,

Sus lutulenta fugit, rabidus canis impete ſævo,
Et impares plauſtris boves.

(*ff*) *Ritè cliens Bacchi*, There may be two Reaſons given why the Poets placed themſelves under the Patronage of *Bacchus*; for either *Apollo* and *Bacchus* were looked upon by them, as one and the ſame God under different Names, as *Macrobius* aſſerts in B. 1. Ch. 18 of his *Saturnalia*, and proves by Teſtimonies drawn from *Æſchylus* and *Euripides*, in the former of whom *Apollo* is thus invoked, Απολλον, ω Βαχχε, ω Μάντις, in the latter Φιλοδάφνε, Βαχχε, Παιαν, Απολλον, Ἐυλυρε: Or, (as People will be more apt to think) when the Poets experienced the happy Influence that Wine often had upon their Genius, by elevating their Spirits and brightning their Imaginations, they readily became Devotees to the Deity, who was the Author and Giver of it. To this Purpoſe *Horace* delivers the Opinion of *Cratinus*, Ep. 19. B. 1.

Nulla placere diu nec vivere Carmina poſſunt,
Quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus.

And then humouroufly obſerves——————*Ut male ſanos*
Aſcripſit Liber Satyris Fauniſq; poetas;
Vina fere dulces oluerunt mane Camœnæ.

Ode

Ode 19. B. 2. *Bacchus* is repreſented as dictating Verſes to the Nymphs, with the Satyrs all attending,

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, &c.

Upon which the Poet being ſeized with a divine Euthuſiaſm, by the imagined Preſence of the God, thus declares the violent Agitation of his Mind,

Evœ, recenti mens trepidat metu,
Plenoq; Bacchi pectore turbidum
Lætatur. Evœ, parce, Liber,
Parce gravi metuende Thyrſo.

(*gg*) *Frater erat Romæ*, The next Objection he has to Poetry is the Vanity of thoſe who were Pretenders to it, which he introduces by a pleaſant Alluſion to two Brothers in *Rome*, who ſounded each other's Praiſes upon all Occaſions,

(*hh*) *Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mucius ille*, There were two *Gracchi*, Brothers, *Tiberius* and *Caius*, as remarkable for their Eloquence as their turbulent ſeditious Spirits, which proved the Deſtruction of them both. As for *Publius Mucius* he was the moſt conſiderable Lawyer of his Time; *Cicero* gives him the Character of being perfectly ſkilled both in the Statute and Common Law; he was likewiſe one of the Founders of the Civil Law, of which he left behind him ten Volumes.

(*ii*) *Carmina compono*, In a preceding Note I refered to this Place, where it is plain that *Carmina* muſt ſignifie Lyric Verſes, by the Title of *Alcæus*, which a little after this *Horace* ſays he is complimented with by his Antagoniſt.

(*kk*) *Vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem*; Entirely empty and deſtitute of true Poets, untill their own Books and Statues were placed there, and conſecrated to *Apollo*.

(*ll*) *Cædimur*, Our Author here compares himſelf and his Brother Poet engaged in criticiſing one another's Works to a Couple of *Samnite* Gladiators, becauſe they never fought at Sharps, but with Cudgels, and conſequently were in little Danger of either killing or wounding each other, for which Reaſon their Combat is called long and tedious. The only Uſe of theſe Gladiators (who were called *Samnites* from their Armour) was to ſhew Diverſion at domeſtick Entertainments, and therefore *ad lumina prima*, when Candles began to be lighted, Supper being the principal Meal among the *Romans*.

(*mm*) *Alcæus* was chief of all the Lyric Poets among the *Greeks*. He is celebrated, Ode 13. B. 2. where *Horace* after ſpeaking of *Sappho* thus applies himſelf to *Alcæus*,

Et te ſonantem plenius aureo,
Alcæe, plectro, &c.

(*nn*) *Callimachus* flouriſhed under *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, whoſe Queen he complimented in his Poem called *Coma Berenices*, which Fiction was ſo generally received among the Aſtronomers of that Time who were glad of any Opportunity to pay their Court to *Ptolemy*, that one of the Conſtellations has ever ſince been called by that Name. This Poet chiefly excelled in Elegiac Compoſitions; but all his Works are loſt, only a few Fragments of Epigrams and Hymns.

(*oo*) *Mimnermus* who is here prefered to *Callimachus* was likewiſe an Elegiac Writer, he was admirable for the Sweetneſs and Softneſs of his Stile; he writ moſtly on Love Affairs, which he handled with the utmoſt Delicacy. He is mention'd Ep. 6. B. 1.

Si Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine amore jociſq;
Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore jociſque.

(*pp*) *At qui legitimum*, Here he draws a fine Contraſt between a judicious Writer and thoſe Pretenders to Poetry, whom he juſt now repreſents as blinded with their Vanity and wrapt up in ſelf-Admiration, while they were laughed at by the reſt of Mankind; Whereas the true Poet, he ſays, who deſigns a juſt and regular Work becomes an honeſt and ſevere Critic to himſelf, ſuch a one as is deſcribed in the Art of Poetry,

Vir bonus & prudens verſus reprehendet inertes,
Culpabit duros, &c.

(*qq*) *Obſcurata diu*, Thus in the Art of Poetry,

Multa renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidere;

(*rr*) *Adſciſcet*

(*rr*) *Adſciſcet nova quæ genitor produxerit Uſus,*

Thus ——— ——— ———*Licuit, ſemperq; licebit*
Signatum præſente notâ producere nomen.

And again ——————— ———*Si volet Uſus*
Quem penes arbitrium eſt & jus & norma loquendi.

(*ſſ*) *Vehemens & liquidus, puroq; ſimillimus amni,* Sir *John Denham* might from this Verſe have taken the Hint of that celebrated Alluſion in his *Cooper's Hill*,

" O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
" My great Example, as it is my Theme!
" Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,
" Strong without Rage, without o'erflowing full.

It muſt be confeſſed however, that the Oppoſitions, wherein the chief Force and Beauty of theſe Lines conſiſt, have given a new Turn entirely to the Thought.

(*tt*) *Luxuriantia compeſcet,* Thus————————————*Ambitioſa recidet*
Ornamenta————————————

(*uu*) *Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, & torquebitur,* It is always the Character of fine Writing to appear ſo natural and eaſy,————————————*Ut ſibi quivis*
Speret idem, ſudet multum, fruſtraq; laboret.

(*xx*) *Prætulerim ſcriptor,* After ſhewing the great Pains a juſt Writer muſt be at, and the Violences he muſt offer to himſelf in correcting his Works, *Horace* ſuppoſes *Florus* to object, that the Caſe of thoſe Poetaſters above mentioned, who had no Uneaſineſs that Way, as being either blind to, or delighted with their own Faults, was much preferable to that Man's, whoſe Judgment ſerved only to raiſe perpetual Scruples in his Mind; to confirm this, the Story of the *Argive* is introduced; upon which our Author takes occaſion to obſerve, that it was now his true Intereſt to give himſelf no farther Trouble about poetical Niceties, as being trifling Amuſements fit only for Youth, but rather to ſtudy Wiſdom; and inſtead of tuning Words to his Lyre, to learn the juſt Meaſures and Proportions which compoſe the Harmony of a moral Life.

(*aaa*) *Nimirum ſapere,* We are now come to the laſt and trueſt Cauſe that our Author gives for reſigning the poetical Profeſſion.

(*bbb*) *Trecentis——nummorum millibus*; Of our Money, 2575 *l.*

(*ccc*) *Tanquam ſit proprium cuiquam,* We find the ſame Reflection, Sat. 2. B. 2.

Nam propriæ telluris herum natura neq; illum,
Nec me, nec quenquam ſtatuit; nos expulit ille:
Illum aut nequities, aut vaſri inſcitia juris,
Poſtremò expellet certè vivacior hæres.

(*ddd*) *Sic quia perpetuus nulli datur uſus,* Thus in the ſame Place,

Nunc ager Umbreni ſub nomine, nuper Oſelli
Dictus, erit nulli proprius: ſed cedet in uſum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii.

(*eee*) *Tyrrhena ſigilla,* Theſe were little earthen Images invented by the People of *Tuſcany*, and chiefly uſed in adorning the Frontiſpieces of Temples.

(*fff*) *Gætulo murice tinctas,* In *Pliny*, B. 9. Ch. 36, we find this Account, *Purpuræ florem illum tingendis expetitum veſtibus murices* (piſciculi) *in mediis habent ſaucibus..... Præcipuus in Meninge Africæ & Gætulo littore Oceani. Gætulia* now called *Biledulgerid* is a large Country lying along the River *Niger*, it begins at the *Atlantic* Ocean and runs a vaſt Way up into *Africa*.

(*ggg*) *Cur alter fratrum, Micio* and *Demea* the *Adelphi* of *Terence* are here meant; the former gives his own and his Brother's Character in the following Manner,

Ego hanc clementem vitam urbanam atq; otium,
Secutus ſum————————————
————————*Ille contra hæc omnia*
Ruri agere vitam, ſemper parce ac duriter
Se habere.

(*hhh*) *Herodis*

(*hhh*) *Herodis palmetis pinguibus*, Theſe palm Plantations were in the Plain of *Jericho*, the moſt fruitful and beautiful Part of *Judea*, where *Herod* had his Palace.

M. *Dacier* underſtands by *palmetis pinguibus*, the great Revenue ariſing to *Herod* from theſe Palms and the other rich Productions of *Judea*: I cannot think that this anſwers the true Meaning of the Author, who ſeems rather in this place to repreſent *Micio* ſo attached to the Pleaſures of a City-Life, that nothing could invite him to ſpend his Time in the Countrey, although he were to reſide amidſt as fruitful and delightful Groves as ſurrounded the Palace of *Herod*.

(*iii*) *Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat Aſtrum*; *Perſius* had an Eye to this Place, when he ſays of Twin Brothers who differed in their Tempers and Inclinations, Sat. 6.

——————*Geminos, Horoſcope, varo*
Producis Genio, &c.

This *Aſtrum natale*, if we will believe Aſtrologers, is what determines the good or bad Fortune of any Perſon according to it's Degree of Aſcent above the Horizon at the Time of his Nativity, which Aſcent is called the Horoſcope; the *Genius* therefore is ſaid to rule this Star, becauſe the different Diſpoſitions of Mankind, which are the real Sources of their Happineſs or Miſery, were ſuppoſed to proceed from the Influence of theſe Guardian Spirits upon the Minds of thoſe they attended.

(*kkk*) *Utar & ex modico*, Here he declares in what a different Manner from the two Brothers he himſelf propoſes to act, by neither inclining to Luxury and Prodigality on the one Hand, nor Auſterity and Avarice on the other, but making the Conveniencies of Life the exact Meaſure of his Expences; thus *Perſius*, Sat. 6. *Utar, ego utar, &c.*

(*lll*) *Quinquatribus*, Theſe were feſtival Days in Honour of *Minerva*, during which Time the School-Boys were allowed a Vacation from their Studies; *Ovid* ſhews the Reaſon why they were called by this Name in the following Lines,

Una dies media eſt, & fiunt ſacra Minervæ;
Nomina quæ junctis quinq; diebus habent.

(*mmm*) *Viribus, ingenio, &c.* In this one Line are comprehended all the Advantages that Men can poſſibly value themſelves upon.

(*nnn*) *Non es avarus*, *Horace* ſuppoſing that *Florus* was ready to vindicate himſelf from the Imputation of Avarice, the Folly of which he has been all this while expoſing, prevents him, by allowing that he is faultleſs in that Reſpect; but then with all the Autority and Freedom of a Man of Virtue and a Friend, he expoſtulates with him concerning thoſe Vices and Weakneſſes, to which he ſuſpected him to be too much addicted.

(*ooo*) *Portentaq; Theſſala*, The *Theſſalians* were thought by the Antients to exceed all other Nations in Witchcraft, as being inſtructed by the famous Sorcereſs *Medea*, for which Reaſon a *Theſſalian* Woman paſſed proverbially for a Witch.

(*ppp*) *Luſiſti ſatis*, &c. This Verſe is an Imitation of one in *Homer*'s Odyſſee,

Τῶν τέφαγον τέπιόν τε καὶ ἡδοσύνην ἔδωκα.

☞ At Note (*nn*) after *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, read, and his Son *Energetes*, whoſe Queen, &c.

Epiſtola III. LIBER I.

Ad Eundem.

(a) *JULI FLORE, quibus terrarum militet oris*
(b) *Claudius Auguſti privignus, ſcire laboro.*
(c) *Thracane vos,*
Hebruſq; nivali compede vinctus,
(d) *An freta vicinas inter currentia turres,*
An pingues Aſiæ campi colleſq; morantur?
Quid (e) *ſtudioſa cohors operum ſtruit? hæc quoq; curo:*
Quis ſibi (f) *res geſtas Auguſti ſcribere ſumit?*

Bella quis et paces longum diffundit in ævum?
(g) *Quid Titius,*
Romana brevi venturus in ora,
(h) *Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit hauſtus,*
Faſtidire lacus & rivos auſus apertos?
Ut valet? ut meminit noſtri?
fidibuſne Latinis
(i) *Thebanos*

Epiſtle III. BOOK I.

To the Same.

FLORUS, I greatly long to be inform'd
Where *Cæſar*'s Step-Son now employs his Arms.
Does *Thrace* detain you on the ſnowy Banks
Of the cold *Hebrus* bound in icy Chains,
Or the fam'd Flood, which parts the neighb'ring Tow'rs,
Or *Aſia*'s ſunny Hills, and fruitful Plains ?
What Work's projected by the ſtudious Band ?
Who undertakes to write th' immortal Deeds
Of *Cæſar*, and to future Times tranſmit
His Leagues of Peace, and his triumphant Wars ?
What may we ſoon expect from *Titius*
To merit Praiſe from ev'ry *Roman* Tongue,
Who ſcorning vulgar Lakes, and common Streams
Dar'd in great *Pindar*'s Spring to ſlake his Thirſt ?
Is he in Health, and mindful of his Friend ?
Does he beneath the Conduct of his Muſe

(i) *Thebanos aptare modos ſtudet auſpice Muſa?*

(k) *An tragicâ deſævit & ampullatur in arte?*

(l) *Quid mihi Celſus agit? monitus multumq; monendus*
Privatas ut quærat opes,
& tangere vitet

(m) *Scripta Palatinus quæcunq; recepit Apollo:*
Ne ſi forte ſuas repetitum venerit olim
Grex avium plumas, moveat cornicula riſum
Furtivis nudata coloribus. Ipſe quid audes?

(n) *Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma? non tibi parvum*
Ingenium, non incultum eſt, nec turpiter hirtum.
Seu linguam cauſis acuis;
(o) *ſeu civica jura*
Reſpondere paras; ſeu condis amabile carmen;

(p) *Prima feres hederæ victricis præmia.*

(q) *Quod ſi*
Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere poſſes,

Quo te cæleſtis ſapientia duceret, ires.
Hoc opus, hoc ſtudium
parvi properemus & ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, ſi nobis vivere cari.

Debes

Fit *Theban* Numbers to the *Latian* Lyre,
Or ſwell with noble Rage the Tragic Stile?
Is *Celſus* now at Work? often have I
Adviſ'd him to employ his private Stock,
Nor dare to touch with ſacrilegious Hands
The Writings which *Apollo* once receives:
Leaſt he become ridiculous, when ſtript,
Like *Æſop*'s Crow, of all his ſtolen Plumes.
But chiefly ſay what you your ſelf attempt;
What Sweets do you extract from ev'ry Flow'r?
You're with a Genius bleſs'd, polite and great;
Whether you whet your Tongue to plead at Bar,
Or learnedly expound the civil Laws,
Or with delightful Numbers charm the Ear,
The Ivy's chiefeſt Honours muſt be thine.
O cou'd you but ſubdue thoſe Cares which damp
And cool the native Ardor of your Soul,
You quickly might attain the nobleſt Heights
To which celeſtial Wiſdom leads the Way!
Be this the Work, the Study of us all
Through ev'ry Rank, if we ſincerely wiſh
Dear to our Country and our ſelves to live.

(r) *Debes hoc etiam reſcribere, ſi tibi curæ,*
Quantæ conveniat, Munatius,
an male ſarta
Gratia nequicquam coit, & reſcinditur?
at vos
Seu calidus ſanguis, ſeu rerum inſcitia vexat
Indomitâ cervice feros; ubicunq; locorum
Vivitis, indigni
fraternum rumpere fœdus,

(ſ) *Paſcitur in veſtrum reditum votiva juvenca.*

NOTES.

(a) THIS Epiſtle was written a conſiderable Time before that in the ſecond Book, when *Florus* was attending *Tiberius* in his Expedition into *Aſia*, whither he was ſent by *Auguſtus* to reſtore *Tigranes* to the Throne of *Armenia*, and *Phraates* to that of *Parthia*.

(b) *Claudius Auguſti privignus*, He was the Son of *Livia Druſilla* whom *Auguſtus* took from her Husband and married, when ſhe was ſix Months gone with *Druſus* the younger Brother of *Tiberius*.

(c) *Thracane vos, Hebruſq;* The Motion of the Army was ſo very quick and expeditious upon this Occaſion, that *Horace* was doubtful how far they might have been advanced upon their March when he writ.

(c) *An freta vicinas*, The *Helleſpont*, which ſeparates *Seſtos* from *Abydus*, now called the *Dardanells*.

(e) *Studioſa cohors*, This was, to uſe the Expreſſion of *Seneca*, *Cohors prima interioris admiſſionis*, a ſelect Body of Gentlemen who immediately attended upon the Perſon of *Tiberius* and compoſed his Court, as being all Men of Letters and his Familiar Friends; of which Number were *Florus*, *Titius*, *Celſus*, &c. This Cohort is again mentioned, Ep. 8.

Ut placeat Juveni, percunctare, atq; Coborti.

Suetonius in the Life of *Galba* takes Notice of ſuch a Cohort as this belonging to the Emperor *Claudius*, *Receptuſq; in Cohortem amicorum, tantæ dignationis eſt habitus.*

(ſ) *Res geſtas Auguſti*, Although he has been juſt talking of *Tiberius* and his Attendants, he does not ask who undertakes to write his Exploits, but thoſe of *Auguſtus*, becauſe the Atchievements of *Tiberius* were carried on under the Auſpices of the Emperor; he was likewiſe

Tell me this likewiſe, does *Munatius* hold
That Place in your Affections which he ought?
Or was the former Breach ſo ill compos'd,
That now your Friendſhip is again diſſolv'd?
Whether this wild ungovernable Rage
Proceeds from Ignorance or youthful Warmth,
Believe me, in whatever Parts ye live,
It misbecomes you, thus to violate
The ſacred Union of fraternal Love.
Know, when ye're to your ſelves and me reſtor'd,
A well fed Heifer to the Gods ſhall bleed.

likewiſe cautious of giving Room for Jealouſy to *Auguſtus*, by too much indulging the Ambition of that young Prince who was to be his Succeſſor, and conſequently might be fond of aſpiring too ſoon to thoſe Honours which belonged only to the ſovereign Majeſty: Thus Ode 4. B. 4. in celebrating the Actions of *Druſus* he takes care to obſerve,

——— *Sed diu*
Lateq; victrices catervæ
Senſere quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita fauſtis ſub penetralibus
Poſſet, quid Auguſti *paternus*
In pueros animus Nerones.

And of all the great Things he ſays of *Tiberius*, Ode 14. in the ſame Book, he refers the Glory to *Auguſtus*,

Te copias, te conſilium, & tuos
Præbente Divos ———

(*g*) *Quid Titius*, This was *Titius Septimius* to whom the ſixth Ode of the ſecond Book is inſcribed, and in whoſe Favour we find the ninth Epiſtle of this Book to *Tiberius*, which I fancy was written before this, becauſe in all probability it was upon that Recommendation, which is a Maſter piece in it's kind, that he was received by *Tiberius* into the Number of his Friends.

(*h*) *Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit hauſtus*, *Pindar* himſelf could not have uſed bolder or happier Expreſſions than we meet with in this Verſe; for as *Apollo* and the Muſes had their *Caſtalia* and *Helicon*, and as there was ſcarce any Spring that was not ſacred to ſome Deity, ſo by allowing *Pindar* his Fountain, he aſcribes a Kind of Divinity to that Spirit with which he writ, and with which his Works were able to influence others: But farther; as Fountains uſually riſe in Places the moſt difficult of Acceſs, amidſt Rocks and on the Tops of Hills, and although they conſtantly are emiting Streams to fructifie the

Vallies beneath, are yet for ever full, without the help of Dews or Rains, as deriving their Origin immediately from the Sea, ſo our Author by this noble Metaphor denotes the arduous and ſublime, the rich and inexhauſtible Genius of *Pindar*, which ſtood in no need of external Aids, as being abundantly ſupplied from the great Source of Nature herſelf: To ſhew therefore the aſpiring Boldneſs of *Titius* in attempting to imitate *Pindar*, he ſays *qui non expalluit hauſtus*, who did not turn pale through Fear of any Danger from drinking deeply in his Spring; or *non expalluit* may repreſent the Strength and Greatneſs of his Abilities who could take large Draughts of this Fountain without growing pale, that is, without being intoxicated or overpowered thereby, People being uſually ſick and conſequently pale after immoderate Drinking. The Praiſes of *Pindar* we may ſee at large, Ode 2. B. 4.

Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari, &c.

(*i*) *Thebanos modos*, *Pindaricque* Meaſures, *Pindar* being a *Theban*.

(*k*) *An tragica deſævit et ampullatur in arte*, *Deſævit* and *ampullatur* denote that furious Vehemence and pompous Swelling which the Tragic Stile requires; thus in the Art of Poetry, *Projicit ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba*.

(*l*) *Quid mihi Celſus agit?* This was *Celſus Pedo Albinovanus* to whom the eighth Epiſtle of this Book is directed; he was Secretary to *Tiberius*.

(*m*) *Scripta Palatinus*, The Writings placed in the *Palatine* Library which was dedicated to *Apollo*.

(*n*) *Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma?* Thus *Horace* ſpeaking of himſelf in the Ode laſt cited,

——Ego apis Matinæ
More modoq;
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem, &c.

I cannot avoid tranſcribing a Paſſage to this Purpoſe in a celebrated modern Author, who in his *Battle of the Books*, introduces the Antients thus apologizing for themſelves—— "As for us, We are content with the *Bee*, to pretend to nothing of our own, beyond our "Wings, and our Voice; that is to ſay, our Flights and our Language: For the reſt, "whatever we have got has been by infinite Labour and Search, and Ranging through "every Corner of Nature: The Difference is, that inſtead of Dirt and Poiſon, we have "rather choſe to fill our Hives with Honey and Wax, thus furniſhing Mankind with the "two nobleſt of Things, which are Sweetneſs and Light.

(*o*) *Seu civica jura*, M. *Dacier* renders this and the preceding Paſſage, *Seu linguam cauſis acuis*, in the following Manner; "*Et vous reuſſirez eg lement a plaider, & a repondre á ceux qui "vous conſulteront*," where there is no Notice taken of any Difference between thoſe Laws on which the Pleadings of the Bar were founded and *civica jura*, or the civil Laws, which were far from being the ſame, and which are evidently diſtinguiſhed in this Place by our Author, otherwiſe the Particle *ſeu* by which they are divided would be both trifling and impertinent; for, if a Man were ſufficiently qualified to plead upon any Cauſe at the Bar, who would doubt his being able to give Advice upon the ſame in his Chamber?

Epiſtola XII. ad Iccium.

(a) *FRuctibus* (b) *Agrippæ Siculis quos colligis, Icci,*
Si rectè frueris,
non eſt ut copia major
Ab Jove donari poſſit tibi,

tolle

(*p*) *Prima feres hederæ victricis præmia*, As the Poets were under a double Patronage, ſo we find they laid Claim both to the Laurel and the Ivy, the former of which was ſacred to *Apollo*, the latter to *Bacchus*;

Thus, Ode 30. B. 3. ——————*mihi Delphicâ*
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene comam.

And again, Ode 2. B. 4. *Laureâ donandus Apollinari*, &c.

So, Ode 1. B. 1. *Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*
Dîs miſcent ſuperis ——————

Where, by what immediately follows if compared with the Beginning of Ode 19. B. 2. already quoted, we may learn to whom the Ivy belonged.

So *Virgil*, Eclog. 7. *Paſtores hederâ creſcentem ornate Poetam.*

M. *Dacier* refers theſe Words *prima feres hederæ*, &c. to the Paſſage only which immediately goes before them viz. *Seu condis amabile carmen*, Crowns of Ivy being, as he obſerves, uſually decreed to Poets but never to Lawyers: But is it not more reaſonable to think that *Horace* might uſe this Expreſſion to denote the great Abilities of *Florus* for thoſe other Studies alſo, which required a Genius as well as Poetry, than to ſuppoſe an Independance between Sentences beginning with the ſame Particle, which is thrice ſucceſſively repeated.

(*q*) *Quod ſi frigida*, Our Author in this Place admoniſhes *Florus* of his Faults in the politeſt Manner, by firſt mentioning the noble Endowments wherewith he was bleſſed, and then pathetically obſerving that, if he could once get clear of thoſe Failings which were the Nouriſhment of Cares, that cooled his Mind in the Purſuit of Virtue, he might arrive at the higheſt Pitches of Perfection to which celeſtial Wiſdom could conduct him.

(*r*) *Debes hoc etiam reſcribere*, It ſeems probable that the principal Deſign of this Epiſtle was to mediate a Reconciliation between *Florus* and *Munatius*, who was his Brother by the Mother's Side, and therefore *Horace* puts off the mentioning of this Affair to the laſt Place.

(*ſ*) *Votiva juvenca*, It was uſual with *Horace* to make Vows of this Kind for the ſafe Return of his abſent Friends; thus upon the Arrival of *Phœtius Numida* from the *Spaniſh* Wars, Ode 36. B. 1.

Et thure & fidibus juvat
Placare, & vituli ſanguine debito
Cuſtodes Numidæ Deos.

And upon the Return of *Auguſtus* from *Gaul*, Ode 2. B. 4.

Me tener ſolvet vitulus relicta
Matre, qui largis juveniſcit herbis
In mea vota.

Epiſtle XII. To *Iccius*.

O *Iccius*, if you rightly can enjoy
The Profits riſing from *Agrippa*'s Rents
By you in *Sicily* collected, think
You have as much as *Jove* himſelf can give.

tolle querelas;

Pauper enim non eſt cui rerum ſuppetit uſus.

Si ventri bene, ſi lateri eſt, pedibuſq, tuis, nil
Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus.
(c) *Si forte in medio poſitorum abſtemius herbis*
Vivis et urticâ,
ſic vives protinus, ut te
Confeſtim liquidus Fortunæ rivus inauret.
Vel quia naturam mutare pecunia neſcit,
(d) *Vel quia cuncta putas unâ virtute minora.*

(e) *Miramur, ſi Democriti pecus edit agellos*
Cultaq; dum peregrè eſt animus ſine corpore velox,

Cum tu inter ſcabiem tantam & contagia lucri,
Nil parvum ſapias,
& adhuc ſublimia cures:
(f) *Quæ mare compeſcant cauſæ:*
(g) *quid temperet annum:*
Stellæ
(h) *ſponte ſuâ*
juſſæne vagentur & errent:

Quid

Ceaſe to repine or murmur at your State;
For he's not poor, whoſe Wants are all ſupplied.
If you have Food, and Clothes, and Strength of Limbs,
What can the Wealth of Kings beſtow you more?
If you can now in midſt of Plenty chuſe
To live abſtemiouſly and dine on Herbs,
In that ſame Courſe you'll ſtill proceed, although
Fortune flows round you in a Stream of Gold.
For either Wealth Man's Nature cannot change,
Or you can Virtue to all Things prefer.

While the wing'd Spirit of *Democritus*,
From Senſe abſtracted, flew among the Stars,
Cattle deſtroy'd his Garden and his Fields;
But you can wonderfully reconcile
A Thirſt for Wiſdom to an Itch for Gain,
While on ſublimeſt Things intent you ſearch
The Cauſe that over-rules the reſtleſs Deep:
Whence riſe the various Seaſons of the Year:
Whether the Stars, by Energy innate,
Spontaneous move, or to ſome mighty Pow'r
Obedient, their appointed Courſe purſue:

(i) *Quid premat obſcurum Lunæ, quid proferat, orbem:*
(k) *Quid velit & poſſit rerum concordia diſcors:*

(l) *Empedocles an Stertinii*
deliret acumen.

(m) *Verum ſeu piſces,*
ſeu porrum & cæpe trucidas,
Utere (n) *Pompeio Groſpho*
& ſi quid petet ultrò
Deſer, nil Groſphus niſi verum orabit & æquum.
(o) *Vilis amicorum eſt annona, bonis ubi quid deeſt.*

Ne tamen ignores quo ſit Romana loco res,
(p) *Cantaber Agrippæ,* (q) *Claudî virtute Neronis*
Armenius cecidit:
(r) *Jus imperiumq; Phraates*
Cæſaris accepit genibus minor:

Aurea fruges
Italiæ pleno diffudit Copia cornu.

Whence the Moon's Changes in her Lights and Shades:
Whence the diſcordant Harmony of Things,
What it can mean, and what Effects produce:
In what *Stertinius* or *Empedocles*
Has err'd, and which the more delirious ſeems.

But whether Delicacies load your Board,
Or ſlaughter'd Onions, Leeks, and Herbs ſuffice,
Be *Groſphus* thy Familiar, uſe him well,
Be you as kind as his Deſires are juſt,
And what he'll ask with Bluſhes give with Smiles.
When good Men want, how cheap's a virtuous Friend!
How ſmall the Price for Modeſty and Truth!

Now let me tell you how the Publick ſtands;
Cantabria and *Armenia* take the Yoke,
That from *Agrippa*'s, this from *Nero*'s Hand:
Phraates from the ſupplicated Knees
Of *Cæſar* re-aſcends the *Parthian* Throne:
And to compleat the Glories of the Year,
Plenty through *Italy* pours forth her Stores,
And with a golden Harveſt crowns the Fields.

NOTES.

(*a*) THE Deſign of this Epiſtle is to recommend to the Patronage of *Iccius* one *Pompeius Groſphus*, who after the Defeat of young *Pompey*, was deprived of his Poſſeſſions in *Sicily*, which among other Forfeitures were given to *Agrippa*. But as *Iccius* was a covetous Man, *Horace* takes care in the firſt Place to repreſent the Unreaſonableneſs of this Vice, eſpecially in him, who had already a ſufficient Income by the Reception of *Agrippa*'s Rents, even although he indulged himſelf in all the proper Enjoyments of Life, whereas being a Man of the ſtricteſt Sobriety and Abſtemiouſneſs, and one whom meer Neceſſaries could ſatisfie, he muſt conſequently have the leſs Need to heap up Riches.

(*b*) *Agrippæ*, From an inconſiderable Beginning he was raiſed by his great Merit to the higheſt Preferments, and even to the Honour of being the Emperor's Son-in-Law.

(*c*) *Si forte in medio*, M. *Dacier* thinks that *Horace* begins this Epiſtle with a kind of Dilemma by way of Raillery, the firſt part of which is *ſi recte frueris*, &c. the ſecond *ſi forte in medio*, &c. the Argument of which Dilemma he ſuppoſes to proceed thus: "Either "you enjoy your Fortune, or you do not; if you do, you have no Cauſe to complain, "you are as rich as a King: If you do not, you are nevertheleſs at your Eaſe, and no "leſs happy; ſince your not Enjoying thereof can proceed from nothing but a Con-"tempt for Riches, and a Regard for Virtue." Whether this Argument be conſiſtent with the Original we ſhall be the better able to judge by a fair and plain Tranſlation of the Words themſelves: "O *Iccius* if you can make a proper Uſe of the Profits riſing from "the Reception of *Agrippa*'s Rents in *Sicily*, you need ask no more from *Jupiter* than you "at preſent enjoy, ceaſe therefore to complain; for he is not poor who has enough "to ſupply all his Wants. If you have Food, Raiment and Health, the Treaſures of "Kings can add nothing to your Happineſs." So far this Tranſlation agrees with that of M. *Dacier*; but what follows he thus renders: "If peradventure in the midſt of this "Abundance you live on Herbs and Nettles, you are as content as if Fortune flowed upon "you in a River of Gold, &c." for which Suppoſition there is no Room, ſince it is plain that *Horace* addreſſes himſelf to *Iccius* in the former Part, as a Perſon diſſatisfied with his preſent Condition, by his bidding him ceaſe to complain, otherwiſe the Advice would be entirely needleſs: Whereas according to the Expoſition of *Lambin* and *Muretus* the Senſe ſeems to run thus: "If it can be that in the midſt of Plenty you now live on Herbs and "Nettles, you will conſtantly live on in the ſame Manner, although Fortune ſhould ſud-"denly flow in upon you with a golden Stream; for either this is your natural Diſpoſition "which it is not in the Power of Money to alter, or you deſpiſe all the Pleaſures and En-"joyments of Life for the Sake of Virtue" The Conſequence that may be infered from hence is obvious. *viz.* That as the Expences of *Iccius* would always be contained within a narrow Compaſs, he therefore could have the leſs Reaſon to be anxious about gathering Riches: This directly anſwers to the main Deſign of the Epiſtle, which, as we obſerved before, was to recommend a reduced *Sicilian* Gentleman to his Bounty and Favour. There are likewiſe ſome particular Niceties concerning the true Import of *Ut*, and the Conſiſtence of *Protenus* and *Conſeſtim* in this Place, which might be inſiſted upon, but theſe I paſs over.

(*d*) *Vel quia cuncta putas*, That *Iccius* was a Perſon addicted to the Study of Philoſophy, or at leaſt one who affected to appear ſo, we find towards the latter End of Ode 29. B. 1. which begins with a Reflection upon his Covetouſneſs,

Ioci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
Gazis, & acrem militiam paras,

Cum tu coemptos undiq; nobiles
Libros Panati, Socraticam & domum
Mutare loricis Iberis,
Pollicitus meliora, tendis?

For this Reaſon *Horace* would ſeem to make no Doubt but the Love of Virtue was his ruling Paſſion; and then after touching upon his moral Character, he proceeds with the ſame

ſame Raillery to obſerve, how ſurprizing it was, that his Cares for Riches were no kind of Obſtacle to him in purſuing the moſt ſublime Speculations in natural Philoſophy, whereby he appeared a much more extrordinary Perſon than *Democritus*, who could not, like him, have one Eye as it were upon Heaven and the other upon Earth at the ſame Time.

(*e*) *Miramur, ſi Democriti, &c.* Both *Lambin* and *Dacier* ſuppoſe a Queſtion implied here. *Dacier*'s Suppoſition is very proper for the Scheme which he lays down; but *Lambin* thereby entirely ſpoils the Senſe of this Place, which, without any Queſtion, is plainly to this Effect: *Si Democriti, &c.* "If the Mind of *Democritus* was ſo wrapt up in Philoſophical "Speculations, that he could not attend to his worldly Concerns, *miramur, &c.* we "have Reaſon to be ſurprized at you, who in the midſt of thoſe Cares, wherewith the "Love of Lucre infects the Soul, can yet purſue the Study of Wiſdom, and engage in "the moſt ſublime Enquiries into Nature.

(*f*) *Quæ mare compeſcant cauſæ:* We find a Queſtion to this Purpoſe in *Propertius*,

Curvé ſuos fines altum non exeat æquor.

(*g*) *Quid temperet annum*, Thus Ode 12. B. 1. ——*variiſq; mundum*
Temperat horis.

(*h*) *Sponte ſuâ, juſſæne, &c.* Whether they were intelligent and ſelf-moving Beings, (upon which Suppoſition was founded that divine Worſhip which was paid them by the Heathens) or inſenſible Bodies under the Direction of ſome firſt moving Cauſe.

(*i*) *Quid premat obſcurum Lunæ, quid proferat, orbem.* Theſe Words may denote either the Eclipſes of the Moon, or it's different Appearances every Month.

(*k*) *Quid velit & poſſit*, Thus *Ovid*, Metam. ——*& diſcors concordia fœtibus apta eſt.*
And *Manilius* —— *Sitq; hæc concordia diſcors.*

By this *Concordia diſcors* is meant the Harmony ariſing from the four Elements ſo very repugnant in their Nature.

(*l*) *Empedocles, an Stertinii, Horace* in the Art of Poetry tells us of an extrordinary Piece of Frenzy in *Empedocles* ——————*Deus immortalis haberi*
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Inſiluit.

Stertinius is quoted by him, Sat. 3. B. 2. where he ridicules the Paradoxes of the *Stoics*.

Si quid Stertinius veri crepat ——————

'Tis certain that there were a great Difference between the two Men; for ſetting aſide the Fit of Madneſs above-mentioned, (which probably was nothing but a Curioſity that led him too near Mount *Ætna* during one of it's Eruptions) *Empedocles* was in other Reſpects a conſiderable Perſon as we may ſee by the Character given him by *Cicero: Agrigentinum quidem doctum quendam virum carminibus Græcis vaticinatum ferunt quæ in rerum natura, totoq; mundo conſtarent, quæq; moverentur, ea contrahere amicitiam, diſſipare diſcordiam.* Which Friendſhip and Enmity, although exploded by *Ariſtotle*, have a near Affinity to the *Newtonian* Principles of Attraction and Repulſion. The *Stoics* went a ſhort Way to work in their Accounts of natural Cauſes, by aſcribing all that paſſed in the World to a Kind of fatal Neceſſity.

(*m*) *Verum ſeu piſces, ſeu porrum & cæpe trucidas*, Whether you live luxouriouſly, like an *Epicurean* on Fiſh, (which were reckoned by the Antients among their chief Delicacies) or abſtemiouſly like a *Pythagorean* on Onions, Leeks, &c *Horace* applies *trucidas* not only to Fiſh, but likewiſe to Onions and Leeks, as a Ridicule upon the *Pythagorean* Tranſmigration. Some perhaps may think that he uſes the Expreſſion on Account of the vegetative Soul which Naturaliſts aſcribe to Plants.

(*n*) *Pompeio Groſpho*, This Man appears in a State very different from that wherein we now ſee him, Ode 16. B. 2. where *Horace* gives us a View of his Greatneſs and Proſperity,

Te greges centum, Siculaq; circum
Mugiunt vaccæ: tibi tollit hinnitum
Apta quadrigis equa: tibi Afro
Murice tinctæ
Veſtiunt lanæ: mihi parvæ rura, &c.

Whoever reads this Deſcription and then conſiders the ſame Perſon afterwards ſtanding in Need of being recommended to the Bounty of others by the very Man who in this Place repreſents his own Circumſtances ſo vaſtly inferior to his, muſt have a deep Senſe of the Inconſtancy of human Affairs.

(o) *Vilis amicorum eſt annona*, The Market for purchaſing Friends is always cheap when good Men want, that is, you may have an Opportunity of attaching to your Intereſt honeſt and worthy Perſons at a ſmall Expence.

(p) *Cantaber Agrippæ*, This Year ſo remarkable both for the Succeſſes of *Agrippa* in *Spain*, and *Tiberius* in *Aſia*, was that of *Rome* 734.

(q) *Claudi virtute Neronis*, We here ſee the Conſequence of the Expedition mentioned in the preceding Epiſtle, *Armenia* and *Parthia* obliged to ſubmit to *Rome*, and receive from her Hands their reſpective Kings, *Tigranes* and *Phraates*, whom they had expelled.

Epiſtola XVII. ad Scævam.

(a) *QUamvis, Scæva, ſatis per te tibi conſulis & ſcis,*

Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti;

(b) *Diſce docendus adhuc quæ cenſet amiculus: ut ſi*
Cæcus iter monſtrare velit, tamen aſpice, ſi quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium feciſſe, loquamur.

(c) *Si te grata quies & primam ſomnus in horam*
Delectat, ſi te pulvis, ſtrepituſq; rotarum,
Si lædit caupona;

(d) *Ferentinum ire jubebo.*

Nam neq;

divitibus contingunt gaudia ſolis

Quid

(r) *Jus imperiumq; Phraates, Lambin* and ſeveral others render this Place in the following Manner: "*Phraates* has upon his Knees acknowledged the Power and Sovereignty of *Cæſar*." But this does not fully come up to the Senſe of the Author, who ſays of the ſame Prince Ode 2. B. 2. *Redditum Cyri ſolio Phraatem, &c.* The Words therefore muſt be ſuppoſed to ſtand thus, *Phraates genibus Cæſaris minor jus imperiumq; accepit.* "*Phraates* having humbled himſelf beneath the Knees of *Cæſar* is reſtored to that Kingdom which was his Right." They will very well admit of this Order and Meaning, it being uſual with Supplicants to embrace the Knees of thoſe Perſons to whom they applyed, thus *Virgil* Æneid 3.

——Genua amplexus, genibuſq; volutans
Harebat——

That it was likewiſe cuſtomary to affix Petitions to the Knees of Images we find in *Juvenal*, Sat. 10.

Propter quæ fas eſt genua incerare Deorum.

Epiſtle XVII. To *Scæva.*

SCÆVA, though your Experience of the World,
To a ſound Judgment join'd, has taught you well
The juſt Obſervance to be paid the Great;
Hear, if an humble Friend, in Courts unskill'd,
And a blind Guide through Fortune's mazy Paths,
Can any Thing advance of Uſe to you.

If peaceful Solitude and calm Repoſe
Delight you; if the rattling Noiſe of Wheels,
If Tavern-riots, Duſt, and Smoak offend,
Purſue your Happineſs, from Town retire.
For true Felicity may well ſubſiſt
Without the Pomp of Wealth, nor is that Man

(e) *Nec vixit male*

qui natus morienſq; fefellit.

Si prodeſſe tuis, pauloq; benigniùs ipſum

Te tractare voles;

accedes ſiccus ad unctum.

(f) *Si pranderet olus patienter, Regibus uti*

Nollet Ariſtippus.

Si ſciret Regibus uti,

Faſtidiret olus qui me notat.

Utrius horum

Verba probes & facta, doce; vel junior audi,

Cur ſit Ariſtippi potior ſententia. Namq;

Mordacem Cynicum ſic eludebat, ut aiunt.

Scurror ego ipſe mihi:

populo tu: (g) *rectius hoc,*

Et ſplendidius multo eſt.

(h) *Equus ut me portet, alat Rex,*

Officium facio:

tu poſcis vilia rerum,

Dante

Unbleſs'd, who lives inglorious, unobſerv'd,
Whoſe Birth and Death are equally unknown.
If Life's more ſoft Enjoyments you deſire,
Or wiſh to raiſe an Int'reſt for your Friends,
When poor your ſelf keep cloſe to Men of Wealth.

The ſnarling *Cynic* vented thus his Spleen;
" Could *Ariſtippus* dine on Herbs, he'd ſcorn
" To flatter Kings." The other well replies,
" Had he, by whom I'm cenſur'd, Taſte, or Wit
" To treat agreeably the firſt of Men,
" He'd quit his Herbs, and live where Plenty reign'd.
Which of theſe Schemes of Life do you approve,
Tell; or, as you're the younger, hear from me,
Why *Ariſtippus* made the wiſer Choice.
This by his own juſt Raillery is prov'd.
" I ſerve myſelf while I attend on Kings:
" You court the People for a poor Applauſe:
" This is undoubtedly the nobler Way.
" By Complaiſance I ride about at Eaſe,
" And live in Splendor at a Prince's Coſt:
" You, in the midſt of boaſted Riches, beg

Dante minor, quamvis fers te te nullius egentem.
(i) *Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, & ſtatus, & res,*
Tentantem majora, ferè præſentibus æquum.
Contra,
quem duplici panno patientia velat,
Mirabor, vitæ via ſi converſa decebit.
Alter purpureum non expectabit amictum
Quidlibet indutus
celeberrima per loca vadet,
Perſonamq; feret non inconcinnus utramque.
(k) *Alter Mileti textam cane pejus & angue*
Vitabit chlamydem.
Morietur frigore ſi non
Rettuleris pannum. Refer,
& ſine vivat ineptus.

(l) *Res gerere, & captos oſtendere civibus hoſtes*
Attingit ſolium Jovis, & cæleſtia tentat.
Principibus placuiſſe viris
non ultima laus eſt.
(m) *Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*

Sedit

" Alms from the vileſt of the Crowd you meet,
" Thy ſelf much viler than the Man that gives.
The one each Circumſtance of Life became,
Who ſtill aſpiring yet was ever pleas'd:
As for the other, whoſe Philoſophy
Was Coarſneſs in his Manners, Cloaths, and Food,
I'd wonder, if a Court wou'd ſuit his Taſte.
The one, though Purple be his uſual Dreſs,
Will never ſcruple to appear abroad
In any Thing that comes the next to Hand;
With ſuch Equality all Parts he bears.
The other will avoid *Mileſian* Cloth
More than a Serpent or a Dog run mad;
Rather than dreſs therein, he'll die with Cold.
Indulge his Folly, give him back his Cloak,
And let him glory in his Dirt and Rags.

Heroes by Victories and Triumphs ſeem
To touch the Stars, and rival *Jove* himſelf.
With due Addreſs to pleaſe ſuch god-like Men
Can't juſtly be eſteem'd the loweſt Praiſe.
All are not qualifi'd for bold Attempts.

Sedit, qui timuit ne non ſuccederet ;

eſto.

Quid? qui pervenit, fecitnè viriliter ? atqui
Hic erit, aut nuſquam quod quærimus.

Hic onus horret

Ut parvis animis & parvo corpore majus :
Hic ſubit, & perfert.

Aut virtus nomen inane eſt,

Aut decus & pretium rectè petit (n) *experiens vir.*

(o) *Coram Rege ſuo*

de paupertate tacentes

Plus poſcente ferent.

Diſtat ſumaſnè pudenter,

An rapias.

Atqui rerum caput hoc (p) *erit, hic fons.*

Indotata mihi ſoror eſt, paupercula mater,
Et fundus nec vendibilis, nec paſcere firmus
Qui dicit, (q) *clamat, victum date.*

Succinit alter,

Et

He ſits ſecure at Home, who fears Succeſs;
There let him ſit. But is not he the Man,
Who greatly dares, and what he dares performs?
This, this is Merit, or there's no ſuch Thing.
One cautiouſly declines the heavy Load,
Both for his Body and his Mind too great;
The other ventures, and the Weight ſuſtains.
Now Virtue's nothing but an empty Name,
Or the brave Enterprizer has a Right
To Honours purchas'd by his Pains and Skill.

When in the Number of a great Man's Friends,
Obſerve this Rule: A modeſt Silence charms,
And more than Importunity prevails.
It differs much how you receive a Gift,
Whether reſerv'd, or ſeize it as a Prey;
A Delicacy here will gain your Point.
The Man who ſtill inſinuates his Wants,
Siſters unportion'd, and a Mother poor,
His Lands unable to ſupport his Houſe,
Like a meer Beggar acts. If he ſucceeds,
Up comes another ſhameleſs as the firſt,

Et mihi dividuo findetur munere quadra.
Sed tacitus paſci ſi poſſet corvus, haberet
Plus dapis, & rixæ multo minus invidiæque.
Brunduſium comes aut Surrentinum ductus amœnum,
Qui queritur
ſalebras, & acerbum frigus, & imbres,
Aut ciſtam effractam, & ſubducta viatica plorat,
(r) *Nota refert meretricis acumina,*
ſæpe catellam
Sæpe periſcelidem raptam ſibi flentis:
uti mox
Nulla fides damnis veriſq; doloribus adſit.
Nec ſemel irriſus triviis attollere curet

Fracto crure planum, licet illi plurima manet
Lachryma, per ſanctum juratus dicat (ſ) *Oſirim,*
Credite: non ludo: crudeles tollite claudum:

Quære peregrinum vicinia rauca reclamat.

Aſſerts his Title, and demands a Share.
Could but the Crow in Silence feed, he might
Unenvied, undiſturb'd his Feaſt enjoy.
If to ſome Country-Villa you attend
Your Patron, teize him not with rude Complaints
Of the rough Roads, the bitter Cold, and Rains,
Your Cheſt broke open, and your Money Stole;
This ſoon will ſavour of the Harlot's Cant,
Who's ſtill in Tears for Things ſhe never loſt.
Now her fine Garter, now her Bracelet's gone;
At length detected, ev'n her real Wants,
Her Woes unfeign'd no Pity can excite.
Thus a Mock-Cripple may for once impoſe
On eaſy Travellers; but if the Gods
In Juſtice to the Knave ſhou'd break his Limbs,
In vain he weeps, and by *Oſiris* ſwears
He now tells Truth: "Ye cruel, help the lame"
He bawls aloud: The Neighbourhood replyes
"Here you are known, to Strangers call for Aid."

NOTES.

(*a*) IN the preceding Epiſtles *Horace* has laid down many excellent Precepts for the making of correct Writers and good Livers. Here he ſhews the Qualifications neceſſary to render a Man acceptable to the Great, Learning and Virtue being both inſufficient for this Purpoſe without Politeneſs and good Breeding. He introduces the Diſcourſe with the greateſt Modeſty and Addreſs, by firſt paying a Compliment to *Scæva*'s own Underſtanding, and then acknowledging himſelf to ſtand as yet in need of Inſtruction from others. This is a fine Manner and perfectly agreeable to that of *Socrates*.

(*b*) *Diſce docendus adhuc quæ cenſet Amiculus*; Moſt Commentators apply *docendus* to *Scæva*, but M. *Dacier* more properly refers it to *Horace* himſelf, which agrees better with the firſt Verſe of the Epiſtle, as likewiſe with what immediately follows *Amiculus, ut ſi cæcus iter monſtrare velit, &c.*

(*c*) *Si te grata quies*, Before he enters upon his Subject he takes care to premiſe that he by no Means condemns their Taſte, who prefer Quiet and Retirement to the Noiſe and Hurry of the World, but that 'tis his Advice to ſuch Perſons immediately to purſue the Bent of their Inclinations, for as much as Happineſs is not confined to Wealth and Greatneſs, but is very conſiſtent with Solitude and Obſcurity. Then he proceeds "*Si prodeſſe* "*tuis, &c.* If you deſire to be ſerviceable to your Family and your Friends, and to enjoy "the Delicacies of Life, your Buſineſs then muſt be to court the Great."

(*d*) *Ferentinum*; A Countrey Village put here for any place of Retirement.

(*e*) *Nec vixit male qui natus morienſq; feſellit.* This alludes to a Precept of *Epicurus*, λαθε βιωσας. Thus *Ovid.* Triſt. *Crede mihi, bene qui latuit bene vixit &c.*

(*f*) *Si pranderet olus patienter, Regibus uti, &c.* This Objection of *Diogenes* and the Reply of *Ariſtippus* are taken from *Laertius*. *Ariſtippus* was at this Time paying his Court to *Dionyſius* the Tyrant. We are likewiſe told he was familiar with *Alexander* the Great.

(*g*) *Rectius hoc, & ſplendidius multo eſt.* I cannot but think that theſe Words are ſpoken ironically, and refer to the two preceding Propoſitions, *Scurror ego ipſe mihi: populo tu*: and then that *Equus ut me portet, alat Rex officium facio* make the next Sentence which will ſtand in full Oppoſition to *tu poſcis vilia verum, &c.* According to this Pointing, the Senſe will be as follows: "By ſtriving to become agreeable and entertaining to the Great, I ſerve my "ſelf; you prefer a little Popularity among the Crowd to your Intereſt. This without "Doubt is the much wiſer and nobler Way of proceeding." The Irony of which Poſition he thus makes appear, "I am ſedulous in my Duty that I may be furniſhed with all "the Conveniencies and Comforts of Life: You, although pretending to an abſolute Inde"pendance, beg about for the vileſt of Things, by that means rendering your ſelf inferior "to the meaneſt Perſon that relieves you.

(*h*) *Equus ut me portet, alat Rex*, This is a *Greek* Proverb, which took it's Riſe from a young Soldier, who being preſſed by his Friends to ſue for his Diſcharge replied Ἵππος μὲ φέρει, Βασιλεὺς τρέφει, declaring thereby how well he was provided for.

(*i*) *Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, &c.* This Character of *Ariſtippus* is likewiſe taken from what *Laertius* ſays of him: ἦν δ' ἱκανὸς ἁρμόσασθαι καὶ τόπῳ, καὶ χρόνῳ, καὶ πρὸς ἅπαν περίστασιν ἀρμονίας ὑποφύσεως.

Color bears the ſame Meaning in this Place, which it does, Sat. 1, B. 2.

Quiſquis erit vitæ, ſcribam, color.

(*k*) *Alter Mileti textam*, 'Tis ſaid of *Ariſtippus* that having one Day invited *Diogenes* to a Bath, and getting out firſt, he put on the other's Cloak, leaving his own Cloaths for him to wear; but *Diogenes* would by no Means touch them, chuſing rather to ſtand naked in the Cold, untill his own Cloak was brought back to him.

That the *Mileſian* Cloth was in great Eſteem among the Antients we find by what *Virgil* ſays, *Georg.* 3.

Quamvis Mileſia magno
Vellera mutentur, Tyrios incocta colores.

(*l*) *Res*

(*l*) *Res gerere*, Having ſhewn how much preferable the Conduct of *Ariſtippus* was to that of *Diogenes* in Point of Prudence, and having likewiſe in the Character of the former deſcribed that happy Turn of Mind which is requiſite for all who would be Favourites to the Great, he now obſerves how honourable and difficult it muſt be to pleaſe thoſe who by their glorious Exploits have rendered themſelves almoſt equal to the Gods; where he ſeems to have an Eye to *Auguſtus*, of whoſe Friendſhip and Familiarity he juſtly makes his Boaſt

Sat. 1. B. 2. *Cum magnis vixiſſe invita fatebitur uſq;*
Invidia———————————

(*m*) *Non cuivis homini*; For this proverbial Expreſſion there are three ſeveral Reaſons aſſigned: Either the great Luxury of the *Corinthians* which made it too expenſive for a Man of ordinary Fortune to live among them: Or the difficult and dangerous Entrance of the Harbour of *Corinth*: Or the extravagant Price at which *Lais* the famous Courtiſan ſold her Favours. M. *Dacier* mentions only the laſt, which he rejects as being beneath the Dignity of the Subject, and to ſave himſelf the Trouble of looking out for a better Account, he cuts the Knot at once by declaring his Diſlike entirely to the Verſe it ſelf

(*n*) *Experiens vir*. We are not to underſtand by theſe Words an experienced and knowing, but a trying enterprizing Man.

(*o*) *Coram Rege ſuo*, In the firſt Part of this Epiſtle *Horace* points out the Method whereby the Favour of great Men is to be acquired. He now ſhews how People are to behave when once admitted to their Friendſhip.

(*p*) *Caput hoc erit, hic ſons.* I ventured to change *erat*, which is the common Reading, into *erit*, an Alteration which the Senſe of this Place ſeems to require.

(*q*) *Clamat, victum date.* He ſpeaks as plain as a common Beggar, who cryes out for Victuals.

(*r*) *Nota refert meretricis acumina*, Thus *Ovid*,

Quid cum mendaci damno mæſtiſſima plorat,
Elapſuſq; cavâ fingitur aure lapis.

(*ſ*) *Per ſanctum juratus Oſirim*; *Oſiris* was the ſame as *Apis* and *Serapis*, under which Names the *Ægyptians* adored the Sun. He was ſuppoſed to be the Patron of Vagrants, either becauſe like him they take a Tour round the World, as M. *Dacier* thinks, or rather on account of their ſpending the whole Day in begging about the Roads and Streets, and therefore being conſtantly as it were under his Eye.

A

PASTORAL COURTSHIP

From *Theocritus*, Idyl. 27. to Verſe 38.

Daphnis and *Helen.*

D. PARIS, I envy not thy raviſh'd Bliſs,
A lovelier *Helen* gives her Swain a Kiſs.

H. Be not too vain; a Kiſs is but a Toy.

D. Yet even Kiſſes give true Lovers Joy.

H. Then I will ſpit it out, and waſh the Stain.

D. Come then, if you have waſh'd, I'll kiſs again.

H. 'Tis fitter much for you to kiſs your Kine,
Than to pollute ſuch virgin Lips as mine.

D. Don't thus, proud Nymph, my proffer'd Love deſpiſe,
For Youth ſoon fades, and like a Viſion flies.

H. The wrinkled Raiſin ſtill delights the Taſte,
And Roſes dry'd breath Sweetneſs to the laſt.

D. Come, come, my Fair, within this Olive Grove,
I'll tell you ſomething——and 'tis all of Love;

Or

Or if you'd liſten to a Song I've made,
Behold theſe Elms afford a pleaſant Shade.

H. Too I well know thy ſmooth deluding Tongue,
I'll hear no Secret, nor regard your Song.

D. What! do you not the *Paphian* Queen revere?

H. Her I renounce: I'm chaſt *Diana*'s Care.

D. Tho' *Dian* be a Huntreſs, yet I ween,
Love's Toils are ſtronger, and his Darts more keen.

H. But then I'll flie his Force, *Diana*'s Aid
Can ſure lend Swiftneſs to a flying Maid.

D. You hope for what no other Nymph can do,
For *Cupid*'s wing'd, and all his Arrows too.

H. Pray touch me not——I'll ſcratch your Lips I ſwear——
Let me be gone——thy Yoke I'll never bear.

D. Perhaps a worſe than me your Love may gain.

H. Many have woo'd, but all have woo'd in vain.

D. O let my Suit be more approv'd than theirs.

H. What can I do? for Wedlock's full of Cares.

D. Cares never can the bliſsful State annoy,
The Hours ſtill dancing in a Round of Joy.

H. But Wives, they ſay, of Husbands live in Fear,
And muſt their Tyranny with Patience bear.

D. What ſhou'd a Woman dread? your Fears are vain:
We're all your Slaves, for Beauty ſtill will reign.
H. But ſha'n't I wiſh again to be a Maid
When the Pains come which claim *Lucina*'s Aid?
D. How ſoon will all thoſe Pains conclude in Joy,
When your *Diana* gives a lovely Boy?
H. My Colour then will change, my Bloom decay,
And when that's gone, you'll likewiſe hate to ſtay.
D. When e'er your Beauty fades, each dying Grace
Shall live tranſplanted in your Offspring's Face.
H. But ſhou'd I now approve your Paſſion, ſay
What * Portion is to crown the nuptial Day?
D. My Flocks, my Herds, and all my Groves are thine.
H. Swear then, you'll ſtill be true, for ever mine.
D. Before great *Pan* this ſolemn Vow I make,
I never will the Tye of Wedlock break.
H. And will you make my Bed of ſofteſt Flow'rs,
Folds for my Sheep, and for ourſelves ſweet Bow'rs?
D. For thee, my Love, I'll ſofteſt Beds prepare,
And thy fair Flocks ſhall be my chiefeſt Care.

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* Among the Antients it was cuſtomary for the Husband to make a Preſent upon Marriage to his Wife by Way of Dowry.

A POEM

A

POEM

Inſcribed to the

Right Honourable Lord *Howth*,

On the Birth of a SON.

Thetis a Sea Goddeſs, *Galatea*, *Doris*, *Clymene*, *Arethuſa*, *Leuconoe*, *Clio*, and *Ligea* all Sea Nymphs attending *Thetis*.

Thetis. GOddeſs, whoſe unbounded Sway
Rules the Motions of the Sea,
Bid thy fair propitious Light
Riſe on this important Night.
Great *Lucina*, genial Pow'r,
Grant the Nymph a happy Hour,
The lovely Nymph, as good as fair,
Bright *Lucia* claims *Lucina*'s Care.
Crown her Pains with higheſt Joy,
Crown them with a ſmiling Boy.
Let Males ſucceſſive bleſs the Line
And with paternal Honours ſhine.

Continue long the noble Race
To ev'ry Son give ev'ry Grace
That ever did their Name adorn:
Great as the dead be thoſe unborn.
Like their own Hill, whoſe Brow commands
At once the neighb'ring Seas and Lands,
That on it's Baſis fixt out-braves
The Shocks of Time and Force of Waves,
O may their Houſe in Grandeur laſt,
Firm as it ſtood for Ages paſt.

Galatea. Yonder, *Thetis*, turn your Eyes,
Hither *Doris* ſwiftly flies,
She flies as Joy had giv'n her Wings,
Happy Tydings ſure ſhe brings.
Attending *Tritons* all look gay,
And ſportive Dolphins round her play.

Doris. Beauteous Queen of Ocean hear
The welcome News I gladly bear,
Let the Night look fair as Morn,
For an Heir to *Howth* is born.

Tletis. To us all this Joy belongs,
Hail the Night with cheerful Songs,

Hail

Hail the Pow'rs that now afford
Our fav'rite Hill a future Lord.

Clymene. All your Nymphs in *Howth* delight,
All will hail the happy Night,
We'll all in choral Songs accord,
We love the Hill, and love it's Lord.

Arethuſa. When Winds have ſhook our wat'ry Seats,
Howth has afforded ſweet Retreats
Among it's Creeks, and pendent Rocks,
To bask and comb our dropping Locks.

Leuconoe. And there the Parrot and the Mew
In Mazes oft around us flew,
Untill the Murmurs of the Deep
Have lull'd us all to gentle Sleep.

Clio. How oft have we with Pleaſure ſeen
Fair *Lucia* walk with graceful Mien,
When the huſh'd Winds have fear'd to roar,
Nor angry Billows vex'd the Shore!
We've poliſh'd ſmooth the wat'ry Glaſs,
Therein to view her lovely Face.

Ligea. We never ſhall forget the Day,
When we all rang'd in fair Array,

Wafted ſoft her Barge along,
(Unſeen ourſelves, unheard our Song)
She ſail'd in Youth's and Beauty's Pride
With charming *Santry* by her Side,
Santry, whoſe Character's compleat
In ev'ry Thing that's good and great.

Galatea. The one all blooming, blith, and gay,
Smil'd cheerful as the op'ning Day;
A Luſtre did her Face adorn
Like that bright Star's, which gilds the Morn.

Doris. But like fair *Cynthia*, while ſerene
And calm ſhe holds her ſolemn Reign,
Awful, yet mild the other ſhin'd,
Her Face the Emblem of her Mind.

Thetis. Happy, happy they, whoſe Arms
Are crown'd with ſuch unrival'd Charms,
Of all the Sweets of Love poſſeſs'd,
With all the Joys of Friendſhip bleſs'd!
The Brave and Gen'rous only prove
The Joys of Friendſhip and of Love.

Chorus. The Brave and Gen'rous only prove
The Joys of Friendſhip and of Love.

ODE

O D E

In ſacri Regis G E O R G I I Natalem

In Aula Collegii ſacroſanctæ & individuæ Trinitatis juxta Dublinum publice recitata triceſimo die Octobris Anno Dom. 1730. coram illuſtriſſimis tunc temporis hujuſce Regni Primariis Juſtitiariis.

ECCE! procedit ſacer atq; fauſtus
Georgii Natalis: Io Triumphe
Voce ſolenni reſonent Iernes
Grata Juventus.

Quemlibet vatem generoſus ardor
Incitat, cum tu, venerande Feſte,
Almus affulges; mea nec ſilebit
Æmula lingua.

Arduum & magnum ſtimulat Camœnam
Munus audacem: petit illa cœlum
Lauream quærens cupide coronam, aut
Nobile fatum.

Jamq; me impellit celebrare Regem
Spiritu dignum citharaq, Phœbi,
Immemor lapſûs Phaetontis auſi
Munia Divi.

Te decus magnum populi Britanni
Concinam, Georgi, columenq; rerum:
Carmini aſpirant populiq; voces,
Et tuba Famæ.

Inſulam nec non Druidis ſacratam
Suavibus, curvæq; Lyræ Parentem
Reſpicis, Fautor propriis Athenis
Rite vocatus.

Græciæ & Romæ celebrantur artes:
Præmiis virtus decorata floret;
Atq; honos priſcus, Geniuſq; ſurgunt
Gentis Iernes.

Subditis cunctis Pater atq; Cuſtos
Audis, & juſtum regimen tuorum
Commodo fundans & amore vivis
Publica cura.

Gloriam hanc nobis meditatus olim
Providus dixit Gulielmus Heros,
(Quem feret pennâ metuente ſolvi
Fama perennis)

" O Patres ſacri, Procereſq; Regni,
" Angliæ O cætus populi ſelecte,
" Quanta jam vobis, pueriſq; caris
" Fata revolvo!

" Non mihi, at vobis cupiens quietem,
" Jamdiu veſtræ invigilo ſaluti,
" Ut fidem puram tuear Britannis,
" Sacraq; jura.

" Attamen fruſtra fugiunt Tyranni,
" Gallicæ fruſtrà cecidere turmæ,
" Hoſtium & tabo celebris Bovindæ
" Tinximus undam,

" Poſteris ſanctè niſi ſit cavendum——
" Mater Heroum Domus ecce vobis,
" Cæſarum fulgens ſimul & Britannûm
" Sanguine Regum!

" Vobis hinc ſurgant venientis ævi
" Vindices, armis, pietate clari,
" Fortibus quorum ſtabilita dextris
" Publica Res ſit.

" Illius magni Ducis ecce Virtus
" Jam per Europæ celebrata gentes!
" Cui triumphantem peperere laurum
" Turcica bella.

" Sub Lare auguſto Puer ecce florens!
" Qui decor vultûs, oculiq; fulgor!
" Bellicus quantus teneris in annis
" Spiritus ardet!

" Ecce maturi ſitiens honoris
" Ille vincendos meditatur hoſtes,
" Et ſequax famæ patriæ futurus
" Emicat Heros.

Ritè conceptas minimè fefellit
Spes tuas acer Juvenis, Wilhelmi:
Fronde victrici, tua quæ Seneffæ,
Claruit ætas.

Non eum terret glomeratus igne
Fumus immixto, tonitruve belli,
Inſitas vires ſtimulat tremendæ
Gloria pugnæ.

Impetu quanto ruit inter hoſtes!
Galliæ invadunt trepidas phalanges
Clamor, Horrorq; unà, oculis retortis
Antevolantes:

Mors ſimul tendit: ſequitur Triumphus:
Diva dum belli capiti coronam
Nectit Herois, rapidi furentis
Fulminis inſtar;

Cumq;

Cumq; jam campus fluitat cruore,
Undiq; & ſtrages ſatiata ſpectat,
Plaudit, & ridens Dea trux ſonantes
Concutit alas.

Georgii tantus juvenilis ardor!
Major at virtus memoranda reſtat,
Clarior multo ſine cæde Victor
Pace triumphat.

Cæſar Almannus ſimul atq; Iberus
Rector infeſtis ſociantur armis,
Herculis fixam manibus Columnam
Invidet alter;

Alter effuſas Orientis oris
Invidet merces, ſociaſq; naves
Congregat, fato minimè ſecundo
Æmulus Anglis.

" Noſtra qui tentant temerare jura?
Britones clamant: " nihil eſt timendum
" Auſpice Auguſto, modo nunc Iberis
" Intonet oris.

Fluctibus belli nimium revulſum
Primus Heroum miſeratus orbem,
Dexterâ ſtringens gladium, ſiniſtrâ
Tendit olivam.

Ecce quo nubes fugiunt minaces!
Juribus ſalvis & honore ſalvo,
Pax redit nobis, comes & ſerenæ
Copia Pacis.

Jam Fides vultu ſtabili decora,
Jam redit Virtus, niveoſq; mores
Induit mundus: redeunt in aurum
Tempora priſcum.

Non ſemel dicemus Io Triumphe!
Regnat Auguſtus: Carolina regnat:
Clarus & floret Juvenis futuri
Georgius ævi.

Muſa jam ſanctos memorare geſtit
Aureis olim ſimileſq; mores,
Principem queîs tu decoras Cathedram,
Summe Sacerdos.

Pauperum verè Pater atq; Paſtor,
Charitas tecum Pietaſq; vivunt,
Gloriam tantam tua jam reflectit
Mitra Coronæ!

Et tuum dicam moderamen æquum,
Qui ſacram Aſtræam colis, & bilancem
Arbitram Juris probitate libras,
Optime Judex.

O decus noſtrum! neq; te tacebo:
Præſidem clarum populus fatetur,
Te ſimul magnum Patriæ Patronum,
Spemq; ſalutat.

FINIS.